

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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*** Those of our readers who have ever taken "a basin of gruel, thin, but not too thin," with dear Mr. Woodhouse in Miss Chester's "Emma," will remember his repeating "Kitty a fair but frozen maid," and his inability to recollect the following lines. It was for his sake that we copied the whole in the last number, page 322. We intended to have said so before; but, when the table of contents of that number was made out, we were spending a week at the seaside, at the upper part of Swampscott, at the good house of Mr. Caswell, on Robert's Beach. Would that we were there still superintending the new bathing-houses, and seeing how much the lawn is improved by cutting away the bushes which hid the bay! Another year we may be longer at liberty.

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UP IN THE BARN.

BY THOMAS LACKLAND.

OLD Farmer Joe steps through the doors,
As wide to him as gates of Thebes;
And thoughtful walks about the floors
Whereon are piled his winter stores,
And counts the profits of his glebes.

Ten tons of timothy up there,
And four of clover in the bay;
Red-top that's cut, well, middlin' fair;
And bins of roots, oblong and square,
To help eke out the crops of hay.

A dozen head of cattle stand
Reflective in the leaf-strewn yard;
And stalks are stacked on every hand,
The latest offering of the land
To labor long maintained and hard.

Cart-loads of pumpkins yonder lie,
The horse is feeding in his stall,
The oats are bundled scaffold high,
And peas and beans are heaped hard by,
As if there were some festival.

At length Old Farmer Joe sits down —
A patch across each of his knees;
He crowds his hat back on his crown,
Then clasps his hands, so hard and brown,
And, like a farmer, takes his ease.

"How fast the years do go!
It seems, in fact, but yesterday,
That in this very barn, we three —
David, Ezekiel, and me —
Pitched in the summer loads of hay!

David — he sails his clipper now,
And 'Zeikie died in Mexico;
Some one must stay and ride to plough,
Get up the horse and milk the cow,
And who, of course, but little Joe?

I might have been — I can't tell what;
Who knows about it till he tries?
I might have settled in some spot
Where money is more easy got;
Perhaps beneath Pacific's skies.

I might have preached like Parson Jones;
Or got a living at the law;
I might have gone to Congress, sure;
I might have kept a Water Cure;
I might have gone and been — oh, pshaw!

Far better is it as it is;
What future waits him no man knows;
What he has got, that sure is his;
It makes no odds if stocks have riz,
Or politicians come to blows.

Content is rich, and somethin' more,
I think I've heard somebody say:
If it rains it's apt to pour;
And I am rich on the barn floor,
Where all is mine that I can raise.

I've ploughed and mowed this dear old farm,
Till not a rod but what I know;
I've kept the old folks snug and warm,

And lived without a twinge of harm,
I don't care how the storm might blow.

And on this same old farm I'll stay,
And raise my cattle and my corn;
Here shall these hairs turn wholly gray;
These feet shall never learn to stray;
But I will die where I was born."

And Farmer Joe pulled down his hat,
And stood upon his feet once more;
He would not argue after that,
But, like a born aristocrat,
Kept on his walk about the floor.

— Transcript

LONG YEARS AGO.

ALL for a pretty girlish face,
Two cheeks of rosy hue,
Two laughing lips of vermeil tint,
And eyes of heaven's blue.

All for a little dimpled chin,
A round throat snowy fair,
A darling mouth to dream upon,
And glorious golden hair.

All for a tender cooing voice,
And gentle fluttering sighs;
All for the promise made to me
By story-telling eyes.

All for that pretty girlish face,
For a hand as white as snow,
I dreamed a foolish dream of love,
Long, long years ago.

— Dublin University Magazine.

REMONSTRANCE.

DAUGHTERS of Eve, your mother did not well;
She laid the apple in your father's hand,
And we have read, O wonder! what befell —
The man was not deceived, nor yet could stand;

He chose to lose, for love of her, his throne —
With her could die, but could not live alone.

Daughters of Eve, he did not fall so low,
Nor fall so far, as that sweet woman fell;
For something better, than as gods to know,
That husband in that home left off to dwell;
For this, till love be reckoned less than lore,
Shall man be first and best forevermore.

Daughters of Eve, it was for your dear sake
The world's first hero died an uncrowned king;
But God's great pity touched the grand mistake,
And made his married love a sacred thing:
For yet his nobler sons, if aught be true,
Find the lost Eden in their love to you.

— Jean Ingelow.

From Fraser's Magazine.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

No human institution has exercised such great and lasting influence upon the world as the Roman empire. The Christian Church doubtless has operated even more widely in swaying the destinies of mankind; but the Church was in its origin divine; and moreover it has been greatly affected by its relations with the empire, whether of alliance or antagonism. Alone among powers which have risen to predominance, Rome was able to make her conquests permanent, to assimilate her various subjects into something like a homogeneous whole, to impress upon the entire civilised world a uniform system of law and government. The material unity already subsisting under one emperor prepared mankind to learn the Christian lesson that in the sight of God all men are brethren. That the empire did immense mischief as well as good, that morals were deeply corrupted and intellectual activity stifled under the pressure of the *Pax Romana*, that absolute power was often wielded by the caprice of monsters of cruelty and profligacy, is most obviously true; and with the light of experience to guide us, we can see that such evils are inherent in any universal despotism. But until the Roman empire arose the experiment had never been tried, and may well have seemed promising: at any rate the lessons it has taught humanity were worth purchasing at the price, even if the evil at the time be held to have preponderated over the good.

Augustus is usually reckoned as the first emperor, because with him began the unbroken series of absolute monarchs; but history has never failed to recognise Julius Cæsar as the real founder of the empire. He not only, in fact, destroyed the power of the aristocracy, and for a few months himself wielded imperial authority; he also originated those ideas upon which the empire was based, and which his successor began to carry out. Throughout his life he consistently advocated the gradual admission of the subject nations to Roman citizenship, and during his tenure of power he introduced into the senate the first members not of Italian birth. He began that system of organising the provinces, under which Rome became the centre of all authority, and the provincials enjoyed every advantage consistent with the total extinction of political vitality. Whether the empire became what Cæsar would have made it if his life had not been cut short, is one of those questions over which historical

speculation is fond of disporting itself, without any means of obtaining an answer. All we can see is that he found Rome a city with nations for her subjects, yet with the same system of government which she had developed when hostile territory was almost visible from her walls, and that he left her the centre of a universal state. This mighty change was effected by his single genius and will; and it is no wonder that posterity, deeply influenced by the result, have taken a keen interest in his life and character. Cæsar is the only great man of antiquity whose career belongs to the controversies of modern politics.

The contemporary evidence relating to Cæsar is neither copious nor satisfactory. Party spirit not only colours a narrative, but often induces writers to suppress facts or insert them. Cicero is our best eye-witness, and he, besides having been involved in all the political contests wherein Cæsar took a part, was himself utterly weak and vacillating as a statesman. At one moment he is found in fierce opposition to Cæsar, at another on friendly terms with him; and we hardly know how to calculate the proper allowance for his bias. Moreover, the real scope and importance of political movements is rarely seen by actors in them. Some see one event, some another; and each attaches special weight to what is within his own range of vision, while all alike are too near to appreciate greatness. The best judges of the form and proportions of a gigantic mountain are not those who live under its shadow, and have daily before their eyes its southern or its western face. The traveller who makes himself acquainted with its aspect from each point of view, and then contemplates it from a distant spot, whence the relation and comparative magnitude of the parts are clearly visible, will have a far more accurate idea of its real dimensions than a native who knows every rock of a single face, and of that only.

Many modern historians have written of Cæsar, and have ransacked the materials afforded by the writings of himself and his contemporaries. Probably there is not a scrap of evidence relating to him of which several writers have not examined the purport, and carefully estimated the bearing upon other existing testimony. How widely divergent are the results which may be deduced, according to the point of view of the inquirer, may be exemplified by comparing Dr. Arnold's short life of Cæsar in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* with the elaborate biography of Napoleon III. 'Quot homines tot sententiæ.' There are no two au-

thors who entirely agree in their estimate either of Cæsar or of the circumstances by which he was surrounded. Though they represent the facts in the same way, they draw dissimilar inferences from them. The most remarkable account of Cæsar which has yet been published is that of Professor Mommsen, of whose Roman history the portion embracing the life of Cæsar has recently appeared in English. It is satisfactory to find that the views of so able and learned a man approach pretty nearly to those of an eminent English historian, Mr. Merivale, in spite of the differences between their points of view and political and religious sympathies. It leads us to hope that the stores of evidence have been thoroughly explored, and that we are not premature in attempting to construct an image of Cæsar out of the various portraits, taken under varying lights and by very different processes, which have been offered for our inspection.

The special characteristic of Cæsar's mind was the universality of his powers. He was not merely versatile, able to be every thing by turns, combining in himself superficial aptitude for many diverse functions. His talents were not impaired by any of that feebleness which often renders mere versatility valueless in the weighty affairs of life. There was a unity in his mind which kept every single faculty in due subordination, and gave it a new value independent of its separate excellence, from its perfect harmony with the rest. He was, so to speak, a living embodiment of *genus*, comprising in itself a number of species. Had Plato lived to see Cæsar, he might have thought that the *idea* of man was almost realised, intellectually at least, if not morally. His greatness was of a higher order than that of the general, the orator, the author, or even the statesman, and comprehended them all within itself. The white light of the sun, capable of being resolved into many coloured rays, but in itself perfect and untinted by any preponderance of one colour or another, is no inapt type of Cæsar's intellect. That he was not specially or pre-eminently any one thing, soldier or politician, led by choice or by the necessities of his position to acquire laboriously some proficiency in arts not his own, is shown in the whole tenor of his life. He never betrayed any predilection for either war or peace, as a means of attaining his ends. When the arts of peace would suit his purpose best, he pursued them with perfect steadiness, as if they were the only possible

means: he never showed any inclination instinctive to the born soldier, to disdain peaceful measures and appeal prematurely to the sword. When war seemed to him necessary, he took up arms with calm confidence, without any of the hesitation natural to a peaceful politician. Equally at home in the camp and in the senate, he always employed the right weapon, whether tongue, pen or sword, and showed himself an equal master of all.

Cæsar's *Commentaries* are most justly admired as models of excellence in their particular line. Perfectly clear and simple in their language, free from any egotistical vanity, betokening a perfect mastery of the subject-matter and a full appreciation of the relative importance of the various parts, they are precisely what they were intended to be — a lucid and sufficient account, for the benefit of the author's countrymen, of his course of action in Gaul. The unlimited means at the disposal of Napoleon III. for every form of investigation, especially for hunting out those traces of their presence which Roman armies seldom failed to leave upon the face of the ground, have enabled him to give a narrative more minutely detailed than Cæsar's own, and to afford the first satisfactory explanation of many points of military interest which have puzzled students of the *Commentaries*. It is equally unreasonable, however, to give Cæsar the credit of all the elucidations furnished by later inquirers, or to blame him for not having been more explicit. His purpose was not to write a text-book on the art of war, but to furnish an account of his doings to the people in whose name he was acting. Accordingly his work dispenses with many military technicalities, and goes straight to the point at which it is aimed: it is throughout the composition of a man who writes because he deems it as much part of his business to give a history of his campaigns as to fight them, and who does fighting and narrating alike thoroughly and well. Of Cæsar's other literary performances we are left to judge by hearsay evidence; and after making all due allowance for flattery to the founder of the empire, we have still a strong *consensus* of testimony in his favour. We know that he took unusual pains to obtain the highest culture of his age, which was mainly literary and philosophical, and that when dictator he evinced a genuine interest in literature. Remembering the uniformity of his success in other spheres, about which we have more trustworthy evidence, we are fully warranted in believing, what friends and enemies agreed to declare, that

his grammatical, philosophical, and other writings were worthy of the author of the *Commentaries*. His oratorical powers received from his contemporaries and their posterity still higher and more unequivocal praise; even Tacitus speaks of him as 'summis oratoribus æmulus.' And this was at a period when skill in oratory was the first requisite for political eminence, and was accordingly cultivated with great care by the Roman youth of the upper classes. We have ample proof in the rest of his career that he possessed in a remarkable degree the highest quality of an orator, subtle and instinctive knowledge of human nature; and if we may infer any thing from his writings, it would be that as a speaker he presented a strong contrast to the greatest orator among his contemporaries, that he cared more for substance than for ornament, that his style approached more nearly to the force and clearness of a Demosthenes than to the rush of words and fervid imagery of a Burke.

The same wonderful power of employing an art for which he had no native and exceptional genius may be traced in his military achievements. Napoleon used to regard Cæsar as the greatest of all masters of the art of war, and considered his *Commentaries* a perfect treasury of military science; but it would seem that Napoleon's general admiration for his great model to a certain extent blinded his judgment. If success be the only test of a commander's ability, Cæsar certainly has scarcely a rival; but the pretensions of a general must be tested not merely by his own actual performances, but also by the enemies against whom he was matched. He undoubtedly possessed the highest and rarest qualities of a consummate general—the power of creating an army out of a mob of recruits, and binding it to himself by ties of boundless devotion; the moral courage which never flinches at disaster nor is excited by success; the perfectly tempered will, unchanging in its main purposes, but flexible as to the means by which the end is to be attained. But these are the gifts of the real *ἀνὰ ἀνδρῶν*, and have been possessed in full measure by men like William III., who hardly even won a battle. Strategic and tactical ability, which may often be found in men without a tithe of Cæsar's force of character, must be either the result of long experience and laborious study, such as brought well-earned fame to Frederick the Great or the Archduke Charles, or the natural fruit of one-sided genius. A born general, like a born musician, rarely excels in any other line

than his own, however great he may be in that: the entire force of the mind is directed towards fostering one faculty at the expense of all the others. The military skill of Alexander the Great amounted almost to inspiration; but as a statesman and a sovereign he scarcely rose, in spite of the advantages he derived from education, above the level of a vulgar Oriental despot. Napoleon led his victorious armies into every capital on the continent of Europe, but he owed his downfall to his inability to discern what tasks were beyond the power of his arms.

Cæsar enjoyed no opportunities for serving an apprenticeship to war, nor had he an instinctive eye for military science, such as usually implies a comparatively weak appreciation of every thing else. He became a general because it was necessary to his career, and he succeeded in that as in every other sphere; but it is not wonderful that he should never have exhibited the strategical skill of Hannibal or Napoleon, nor such a power of tactical combination as won the battles of Leuctra and Leuthen. Even that eagle eye for a grand opportunity, which gave the enemy into the hands of Marlborough at Ramillies, or of Cromwell at Dunbar, is not conspicuous in any one of Cæsar's victories. Considerable strategical ability he undoubtedly manifested in more than one of his Gallic campaigns; but on the whole his conquest of Gaul is more remarkable for the general energy of his measures, for the dread of his name which he impressed on the barbarian tribes, for the determination with which he stood his ground when the flame of insurrection burst out over the whole country, rather than for the technical skill which he exhibited. Cæsar's seventh campaign in Gaul is alone amply sufficient to stamp him as a general above the ordinary standard; but even in this, the crowning achievement of his military career, there is far more striking evidence of his greatness in a higher and wider sense. The position of his forces during the contest with Ver-ingetorix was strongly analogous to that of the English during the Indian mutiny. Cæsar performed Lord Clyde's part with even greater vigour: but he further embodied in himself that spirit of resolution which animated every Englishman in India. We cannot but sympathise with the Gallic insurrection, and with the gallant Arvernian who was the soul of it; but such sympathy does not blind us to the marvellous combination of great qualities—determination, fertility of resource, rapidity of action, self-reliance—

displayed by Cæsar in suppressing it. These, however, are the characteristics of a great man rather than of a specially skilful general; and Cæsar had little occasion for exhibiting any others during the earlier stages of his conquest of Gaul. The enemies whom he encountered were mostly mere barbarians, without power of coherent political organisation, without military discipline or effective arms, impulsive, prone to sudden panics, formidable only from their numbers, from their great physical strength and desperate courage. The most civilised tribes of Gaul were precisely those which were most ready to submit to Rome, since they appreciated Roman civilisation, and hoped to acquire preponderance among their neighbours through the support of Roman influence. Over all alike Cæsar exercised a fascination of dread and admiration, which was the result more of his commanding personal character, and of a feeling that he impersonated the mysterious power of Rome, than of his purely military successes.

In the civil wars, when Cæsar found himself combating Roman generals and Roman armies, his ultimate triumph was due in a great measure to the defects of his opponents. Pompeius, a general of far longer experience and greater technical skill, outmanœuvred and defeated him at the outset of the campaign, and ought to have crushed him at Pharsalia. The means adopted by Cæsar for remedying his weakness in cavalry, which enabled him to repulse the attack of Pompeius' horse, were natural and obvious enough, and ought to have been anticipated by Pompeius. Even as it was, the advantage gained by Cæsar merely enabled him to attack the enemy's infantry under favourable conditions, and compel them after a struggle to retire in an orderly manner to their camp. Materially, Pompeius had lost very little when his legions thus gave way: but morally he had lost his prestige of invincibility, and with it his courage. Deprived of all coherence by their general's disgraceful flight, the army of Pompeius surrendered or was dispersed; and thus, through the weakness of his rival, the world was laid at the feet of Cæsar by a battle in which, so far as his own merits were concerned, he merely retrieved his defeat at Dyrrhachium. The battle of Thapsus was begun by Cæsar's army without his orders, and was little more than a massacre; for Scipio had invited attack under circumstances which insured his defeat. At Munda, Cæsar, with forces superior both in number and discipline, was successful after a long and doubtful struggle; it was a hand-

to-hand conflict with desperate men, in which Cæsar exhibited the courage of a soldier, though there was little room for the skill of a general. His other campaigns, such as that of Zela, gave even less opportunity for the display of consummate military ability. In fact, Cæsar was never matched against really formidable enemies, and we have therefore no means of judging how he would have fared, had he been opposed to such a commander as Hannibal, and such an army as the great Carthaginian led into Italy.

On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that Cæsar had not, like most great generals, received military training from his youth upwards. Like Cromwell, he scarcely looked on war till he was nearly forty years of age, and then not in any subordinate capacity, but with an independent command. It is true that under the Roman system of assuming that every consul was *ex officio* capable of commanding an army, every young man who aspired to greatness looked forward to the day when he should lead Roman legions to conquest; but in point of actual experience, Cæsar had scarcely any advantage over Cromwell. Indeed there is no general of ancient or modern times with whom Cæsar may be so fitly compared, in order to exhibit clearly the sources of his military greatness. Both became soldiers somewhat late in life, both created their own armies, and acquired an absolute unlimited sway over the minds of their soldiers. Both were uniformly successful by virtue of the superior excellence of the armies so formed, and won their chief victories against their own countrymen, in one instance at least against a general of veteran experience. Both engaged in war when it was necessary, and sheathed the sword as soon as the end in view was attained, to seek and to win still higher glory as rulers and statesmen. Their moral characters, their principles, their circumstances, were widely different: but in this at least Cæsar and Cromwell were akin, that they owed their military renown to the same commanding abilities and strength of character which enabled them to rise to absolute dominion over the proudest and most unconquerable of nations.

It is possible to possess great intellectual capacities, and yet to neutralise them by weakness of will and determination. Cæsar, on the contrary, possessed a force of character which gave his powers of intellect the utmost scope for proving themselves. If a task were difficult, so much the greater would be the triumph of succeeding in it.

If failure would involve destruction, so much the higher would his energies rise to meet the emergency. Two incidents in his military career have been often selected, the one for commendation as a remarkable instance of keen insight and bold execution, the other for blame as rash to the verge of madness. Yet both the siege of Alesia and the crossing into Greece in quest of Pompeius seem to have been dictated by the same spirit, by the noble courage which breathes through the famous lines of Montrose :

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all.

Cæsar felt that his own powers deserved to command success, and he did not fear the greatness of the stake. When Vercingetorix threw himself into the strong town of Alesia, with an army as large as Cæsar's, and half Gaul in arms behind him, most generals would have retired upon the Roman province, and have waited till reinforcements enabled them to crush the insurrection. Cæsar knew that failure before Alesia would be his ruin, and that prudence dictated retreat ; but he had full confidence in himself and his men : he determined to run the risk, and success justified his choice. When he followed Pompeius into Epirus in the face of an overwhelming hostile fleet he made a similar venture. He might have been destroyed, but he preferred to play his own game rather than stand on the defensive. He was brought nearer to destruction than at Alesia, but he eventually conquered by those very means on which he had relied, by the excellence of his troops and his own superiority to his rival in moral courage. The fact that disaster will be total and irremediable does not make the risk of its happening intrinsically greater ; but it is only the greatest minds which are not shaken by the fear, and are able to act as steadily as if life and death did not depend on their conduct.

The same perfect clearness and energy of judgment which distinguished Cæsar's resolutions at these junctures of his military life are conspicuous throughout the general course of his history. He has sometimes been represented as the spoiled child of fortune ; and it is perfectly true that on several occasions accident seemed to aid his designs. But he never depended upon chance ; his plans were always deliberately formed, not suggested by the turn of events.

He knew his own powers, and the strength of the party on whose support he depended, as well as the character of his rivals and the nature and force of opposing factions. He was never distracted between two inconsistent courses, nor resorted to half measures. When he took the proconsulate in Gaul, he was perfectly aware that it entailed a serious risk of losing influence at Rome through his absence : but he knew that the struggle must come some day, he believed that he should be best prepared for it when he had conquered Gaul, and meanwhile he let Pompeius have his way in Rome. He never continued to distrust an enemy whom he had forgiven ; he never contracted his expenditure or his operations in dismay at the extent to which he was involved, but persisted to the end in the course which he had originally chosen. When he ultimately took up arms against the senate, he did not shrink from an act of technical rebellion. He had cause of complaint against the existing government, and he represented a strong feeling that the oligarchy must in the general interest be overthrown ; he knew how far he was substantially in the right, and he was not afraid to put himself, to outward appearance, totally in the wrong, by disobeying orders to which he was bound to submit, and entering on the sacred soil of Italy sword in hand.

The moral character of a successful politician must always be in harmony with the natures of the men he is to lead. His principles may be in this or that respect different from theirs, laxer on one point, more austere on another ; but on the whole his moral tone must be that of his generation. Even the religious leader is an exception only outwardly : his influence is gained by making a single principle paramount, so that all other moral considerations are for the time lost sight of. Cæsar lived in an age and country in which religious enthusiasm was impossible, and he himself was perhaps further removed from an enthusiast than any other really great man has ever been. His morals were those of his age, disgracefully lax in many respects, but not more so than the morals of his neighbours. His nature was capable of taking intense interest in everything, in pleasure as in work, in trifling pursuits as in the weightiest of political schemes ; but his mind was too well balanced to allow any one passion to obtain undue dominion. The amours of his youth were notorious, even in a profligate age ; but they never gained such possession of his thoughts as to cause him to forget the serious purposes of his career. At the

same time he was not merely licentious; he exhibited on many occasions traits of pure and genuine family affection. Once, and once only, he was diverted from his proper work by female charms, when after many years of campaigning he encountered the most fascinating of womankind, and wasted precious months upon Cleopatra. He was prodigal of money, even to recklessness; at a very early period he jokingly declared his fortune to be 1,300 talents less than nothing! But it was not the extravagance of a selfish spendthrift, who wastes money on his own pleasures or with a weak delight in squandering. Cæsar's expenditure was on the main purposes of his life, on public games and other calls of office, on the faithful followers, whose original adhesion may have been dictated by far-seeing regard for their own interests, but whose devotion is the best proof of Cæsar's personal amiability of character. He was frank and sincere in his conduct: his worst enemies have never accused him of falsehood or treachery; and this is no slight praise in an age of conspiracy. In truth he knew human nature too well to need the aid of deceit; he disarmed suspicion by the very openness of his demeanor, and won confidence by his honesty, while at the same time he gratified the feeling in his own mind that all under-hand dealings were unworthy of his genius. Perhaps for the same reason he was absolutely fearless, not only in the heat of battle, but in the far more dangerous atmosphere of Rome, whether seething in the turbulence of protracted revolution, or outwardly tranquil under his government. He never exposed himself needlessly to the enemy; but more than one battle when half lost, was converted into a victory by the effect of his personal example. One of the last acts of his life was to dismiss his devoted Spanish guards, and trust himself entirely undefended among a turbulent people. The assassins were of such a rank that no guards could have kept them off, so that Cæsar's confidence did not really cost him his life: but the lesson has had its weight, and no despot has since been found to imitate Cæsar in this respect.

Closely akin to courage is humanity; and in regard to this virtue universal testimony places Cæsar far above the level of his contemporaries. It may seem strange to say that a man was essentially humane who glutted the fierce populace of Rome with gladiatorial shows, and who could calmly record having destroyed a million of Gauls in battle, and sold another million into slavery. But we must test Cæsar by the

standard of his age, and not by the standard which Christianity has given to ourselves. Two motives urge men to acts of cruelty — malignity and fear; and neither of these had the slightest weight with Cæsar. Alone among Roman party leaders, almost alone among ancient conquerors, he dared to be merciful, because he had no dread of his fallen enemies; and by so acting he won the hearts of all men to himself. 'L'humanité chez lui,' says M. Saint-Hilaire, 'est donc nature et calcul à la fois, et dans ce pardon sans limites comme sans précédents, qui pourrait dire où finit la générosité, et où commence le calcul?' Those who want an illustration of the ordinary spirit of the times should note Sulla's tigerlike thirst for blood, and compare his treatment of his enemies when dictator with the clemency of Cæsar. Like our William III., Cæsar destroyed unread the correspondence which would have told him all the secrets of his enemies, and preferred to remain ignorant of their very names. The astonishment expressed at his putting Vercingetorix to death on the day of his triumph, an act sanctioned by the feelings of the Roman people and the habitual custom of Roman emperors, is a clear proof that Cæsar's humanity was notorious and exceptional. Even the slaughter of Munda, as on many occasions in Gaul, was forced upon Cæsar by the desperation of his enemies, and cannot be imputed as blame to him, unless we pronounce that both in Gaul and in the civil war he was entirely in the wrong, so that the guilt of all the blood shed in those terrible contests must be upon Cæsar's head. Of the civil war we shall have occasion to speak hereafter; but with respect to the conquest of Gaul, a few words are necessary to show what responsibility rested upon Cæsar. Our natural impulse is to regard it as wanton aggression, to side with Cato, who proposed to deliver up Cæsar to the Germans, as having been guilty of unprovoked and unjustifiable attacks on them. Assuredly our sympathy throughout goes with the champions of liberty, with the Nervii and the Veneti, with Ambiorix and Vercingetorix, rather than with the Roman invaders. Independently of Cæsar's own motives, we must however remember that to Roman eyes there was a strong special justification for the subjugation of Gaul, apart from the general idea that barbarians, as such, could have no rights against a civilized nation. Not fifty years before, Rome had been in imminent danger of a second de-

* *Julius Cæsar*: cours professé à la Sorbonne, p. 95.

struction at the hands of invaders from beyond the Alps. She had been rescued from this peril by the military genius of Marius; but Italy could never be safe while barbarous tribes were in constant agitation — migrating, conquering, expelling one another — through all the wide regions which lay beyond the mountain barrier. Thus the establishment of permanent Roman dominion, in some part at least of the country north of the Alps, was necessary to protect Italy against new invasions. Had Cæsar never conquered Gaul, the Roman empire would have been overwhelmed, centuries before its time, by the rude tribes of the north. A

It does not however follow that because the conquest was from the Roman point of view justifiable, and in our eyes partially at least excusable, Cæsar was therefore right in achieving it. Many a good and patriotic act has been done from thoroughly bad motives; and it is on the morality of the motive, not of the act itself, that our estimate of the doer must depend. The enemies of Cæsar, and they are legion, affirm that he undertook the conquest of Gaul for merely selfish purposes, in order to gain wealth and military glory for himself, and the command of a veteran army for the prosecution of ulterior ends. Napoleon III. represents Cæsar as having been actuated by a pure sense of duty, as having regarded the subjugation of Gaul as an heroic remedy for the disorders of the Roman state, so that he was merely reaping the reward of disinterested patriotism when he finally found himself at the head of a force before which Pompeius fled from Italy without striking a blow. Less thorough-going partisans take an intermediate view, which is more consistent with reason, and with a due appreciation of Cæsar's many-sided character, than blindly worshipping him as the faultless Saviour of Society, or execrating him, in Montalembert's phrase, as 'le bourreau des Gaules, et le destructeur de la liberté romaine.' They maintain that Cæsar was both doing his duty and deliberately furthering his own plans by the same means. Mr. Merivale shows how Roman interference in Gaul had become necessary, and Cæsar was but the exponent of the natural policy. At the same time he expresses a strong conviction that every step in Cæsar's career was deliberately taken with full prescience of the consequences. Professor Mommsen in like manner regards the conquest of Gaul as necessary to Rome and ultimately a vast benefit to the world, while he represents Cæsar as having felt that without an army

he and his party were powerless against the sword of Pompeius, a want which the command in Gaul enabled him to supply.

In truth we cannot isolate Cæsar's Gallic campaigns, considered as illustrating his character and purposes, from the remainder of his history. There never was a man whose career had such an artistic unity. He never took a step prematurely, never lost an opportunity, never was forced by any combination of circumstances to abandon his purposes. He knew how to wait as well as now to strike, and he never did either in vain. From early youth he would seem to have entertained the deliberate intention of making himself master of Rome and of the world. Was this ambition purely selfish, or was it blended with a patriotic desire to do the best for his countrymen, and a sincere belief that his rule would be the best form of government? Napoleon III. preaches the doctrine that there was no personal ambition in him whatever; that he was, as it were, divinely commissioned to regenerate Rome, and that therefore all opposition to him was monstrous. Such a theory may be propounded for the sake of inculcating modern political lessons, but it cannot be candidly maintained; and accordingly the whole of Napoleon's work, apart from the minutely detailed narrative of the Gallic campaigns, is one long apology. It is perfectly clear that Cæsar not only was intensely ambitious, but also somewhat unscrupulous in the choice of means. He was perfectly ready to resort to the recognized political agencies of the time — immoral in our eyes, but implying no moral turpitude to the corrupt oligarchy, and still more corrupt populace, with whom he had to deal — bribery, direct and indirect; violent straining of the law he was called on to administer; encouragement of tumultuous demonstrations, and even violence, in favour of his own measures or against counter-proposals. He even stooped to make use of such instruments as the profligate Clodius, and to sympathise at least with the accomplices of Catilina. Whatever allowance we feel bound to make for the difference between Cæsar's moral standard and ours, we must pronounce his actions to have been not unfrequently such as no end, however noble or patriotic, could avail to justify. But the main question still remains, upon the answer to which depends the judgment of posterity concerning Cæsar's character as a whole: what justification for his ambition, *primâ facie* selfish and unscrupulous, was afforded by the circumstances of the time, and the use which he proposed to

make of his power? On the latter point we have little but speculation to rely upon, as Cæsar's early death prevented his ever realizing his plans. On the former, a brief review of the political condition of Rome is necessary, in order that we may see how far a monarchy was inevitable.

The second Punic war was the only struggle for life and death in which Rome was ever engaged, at least after her conquest of the Samnites. The genius of the greatest general of antiquity, stimulated by fierce personal hate, reduced her to the brink of ruin; but when she finally triumphed over Hannibal, she had universal empire within her grasp. In thirty-five years from the battle of Zama the whole Hellenic world was at her feet. The power of the Seleucidæ had been crushed for ever on the field of Magnesia, and Asia Minor was virtually Roman territory. The Macedonian monarchy had been abolished, and Greece was merely waiting till it should please her Roman masters to substitute for the glorious name of Hellas the new title of Achaia, which denoted her degradation to a Roman province. Egypt had submitted to Roman dictation; Sicily had for two generations been absolutely subject to Rome; Spain had virtually passed under the Roman yoke with the fall of the Carthaginian power, for her subsequent heroic struggle for liberty was but the last effort of brave men who preferred death to slavery. Fortunately for Rome, the government had fallen, before the Punic wars began, into the hands of the senate. Patrician privileges had perished, but the aristocratic principle was as strong as ever. The plebeian families who amassed wealth and attained high office leagued themselves with the nobles; and it became, from year to year, more difficult for a man unconnected with the ruling oligarchy to obtain even a seat in the senate. Such a government, with the faults of an aristocracy, which brought many losses upon the State, had also its most splendid virtues. Its courage rose with every disaster; its energy was only stimulated by the difficulties to be overcome. The highest greatness of which aristocracy is capable was typified in the treatment of Varro after his crushing defeat at Cannæ, when the senate solemnly thanked the consul whose rashness had lost the battle, because he had not despaired of the republic. But with the victorious close of the conflict with Hannibal, government by the senate ceased to be advantageous to the State. Professor Mommsen shows fair ground for believing that the senate were not desirous

of universal empire; that they entered upon one war after another with some reluctance; that the course of events, for which they may have been originally responsible, was both unforeseen and to a certain extent unwelcome. The jealousy of one another, which is the inherent weakness of all aristocratical bodies, was very strongly felt: the senate at large represented the unwillingness of each member of it that his neighbour should win fame and riches by conquering or governing distant provinces. Wealth flowed in and corrupted Rome, as it had formerly corrupted Sparta, and in a different manner Athens. When the consulship led to a province, and the administration of a province meant the chance of amassing a vast fortune it became a good speculation to extend large sums in buying the way to it. Bribery became common, and political morality died. The sudden influx of wealth and luxury began to induce social corruption, and the growth of Hellenic culture destroyed the old blind faith in the gods, while it substituted nothing better.

Under these circumstances, the retention of power in the hands of an exclusive oligarchy became impossible. The vast mass of the people were discontented that all profit, as well as all power, should be in the hands of a clique. The men who rose to prominent wealth or reputation were impatient of the jealous control in which they were held. Rome had ceased to be a single city; she was now the head of a vast empire, and the organisation which had served to preside over the change was no longer competent to its new task. Revolution was inevitable; the question to be worked out was the form which that revolution should take. The changes introduced by the Gracchi, while Rome was still merely the dominant power, and not yet the actual mistress, of the Mediterranean basin, might possibly, if followed out, have created a nation out of Rome and her Italian subjects. But their legislation was immediately overthrown; the rule of the oligarchy was restored and was never again legally superseded until the final triumph of Cæsar. The democratic party found no second leader so honest as C. Gracchus, and their agitation became more and more violent. Street tumults, such as those which the oligarchy had provoked against the Gracchi, became in turn the democratic weapon. The murderous violence of Marius and Cinna, when for a moment they obtained the mastery, was more than requited by the proscriptions that took place when the oligarchic faction became again dominant, and Rome for the

first time found an absolute master in the person of Sulla. Mommsen's picture of that remarkable man may be too favourable, but there is at least truth in the assertion that he desired the success of his party, not regal power for himself personally. He endeavoured by new legislation to establish the dominion of the oligarchy on a firm basis, but his party produced no able leader after his death; and though the government remained nominally in the hands of the senate, it was more helpless than ever. The corruption of the people went on with increased rapidity, as the cultivation of the soil was more and more entrusted to slave labour, and crowds of freedmen swelled the degraded urban population. The fatal example of appealing to the sword in civil contests had been thoroughly learned, and henceforth the sword was the only real power in Rome. The democratic party, foiled in one or two abortive attempts to obtain the upper hand, and left without a leader after the death of Sertorius, were for the time discouraged and helpless. Incomparably the most powerful man in Rome was Pompeius, who, though of comparatively mean birth, had risen early to distinction through his own military achievements and the favour of Sulla. Not belonging to the oligarchy by birth, and estranged from the popular party by his connection with Sulla, Pompeius yet had affinities with both sections, and might easily have succeeded to his patron's power. But he was endowed with a weak will, strong respect for constituted authorities, and ignoble though unselfish ambition. He would take upon himself no responsibility: he preferred the easy triumphs of oriental warfare, in which he displayed great technical skill as a general, to the nobler but more difficult task of remedying the deadly evils which were preying upon the State at home. He was never easy under the burthen of the greatness thrust upon him, and shrank from using his power in a manner which was certainly honest, in so far as he did not interfere with the liberties or the licenses of his fellow-citizens, but was also somewhat cowardly.

Such was the state of Rome when Cæsar made his entrance into public life. The nephew of Marius, he naturally inherited the lead of the democratic party; a member of an old and distinguished patrician family, he had the way open to the highest state honours. By slow degrees he rose through the regular series of offices, winning popularity by his oratory, by his lavish expenditure for public purposes, and by his steady adherence to the party which now began

to look upon him as a second and wiser Marius. When Pompeius returned to Rome from his protracted campaigns in the East, bringing with him a victorious army and infinite wealth, the aristocracy had just found a new leader in Cato, a man of strong republican principles, unyielding courage, and perfect integrity, but unable to discern the signs of the times. Stimulated by him, they repulsed Pompeius's claims to the consulate and the conduct of the war against Catilina, and widened the gulf which had before been opened between themselves and the man who at that moment wielded the whole power of the sword. Pompeius, with his natural uprightness and dislike of violent measures, disbanded his army, and re-entered Rome a private citizen, for a second time declining to seize the throne. Shortly afterwards Cæsar returned to Rome from the province he had administered after his prætorship, with a good claim to the consulship. A coalition was effected between Cæsar, representing the democratic party, Pompeius, whose influence as a general was still great, in spite of the dismissal of his legions, and Crassus, the head of the moneyed interest, who burned for an opportunity of military distinction in the East. Against this combination the senate was almost powerless: Cæsar became consul, which entailed the command in Gaul, and the other members of the triumvirate had their will also. Professor Mommsen with great justice points out that this arrangement was in effect the establishment of the monarchical principle. The rulers might be one or three: but that any individuals should agree to dispose of the affairs of the State by their joint influence was virtually to overthrow the existing constitution. Yet it was done in a peaceable and orderly way; and it is very difficult to impute blame to heads of parties for thus effecting a coalition. At any rate the fault lay not more with Cæsar than with his rivals, rather less, in that he alone represented one of the two main parties in the State.

Years passed away; Crassus was killed in Parthia, Cæsar's career in Gaul augmented at once his reputation and his strength, while Pompeius remained inactive. The oligarchical party, freed from the presence of the head of the democracy, strengthened their position, really at the expense of Pompeius and more in semblance than in reality. They thought themselves strong enough to recall and disgrace the victorious proconsul of Gaul, and Cæsar was forced to choose between submission — which meant ruin — and open war. There was a considerable

party in Rome favourable not only to himself, but to his principles, though the majority in the senate was against him. He did not hesitate to accept the challenge of his enemies, and rebel against the government, which still subsisted in form, though its spirit had departed long before. Pompeius had no choice but to sink into insignificance, or to head the oligarchy. He took the latter course, and set the example of flight before Cæsar. At Rome, and throughout Italy, Cæsar was on the whole welcome. In spite of his absence, the government was peaceably administered by his partisans during the civil war; and when he ultimately returned in triumph, there was scarcely any feeling of opposition to his becoming virtually monarch, though the people manifested a strong dislike to his assuming the ensigns of formal royalty.

The quarrel between the two main factions into which Rome, like every other state of antiquity, had long been divided, was thus fought out, and the democracy conquered, as was inevitable. As the sole leader of the victorious party, to whose genius it owed the speed and completeness of its success, Cæsar became necessarily supreme in the State. That he had all along intended to be so — that his head was, to a slight extent at least, turned by his elevation — that he was disappointed at not receiving the crown — is probably, nay certainly true. If to attain the position of a sovereign be necessarily and under all circumstances a crime in a private citizen, Cæsar must be condemned, and with him Washington and William the Silent. But if it be any excuse that he represented a great cause, that he put an end to long protracted anarchy, and procured for his country the blessings of peace and order, Cæsar may claim the benefit of it. Liberty had been extinct at Rome ever since the fall of C. Gracchus, and had never been enjoyed by any of her subjects. If Cæsar curbed the license of the city populace, and deprived the small oligarchical faction of their freedom to oppress the provinces, his rule was an unmixed blessing to the subject nations. In Mr. Merivale's words,* 'he foresaw that the genuine Roman race would be overwhelmed by the pressure of its alien subjects; but he conceived the magnificent idea, far beyond the ordinary comprehension of his time, of reducing the whole of this mighty mass, in its utmost confusion, to that obedience to the rule of a single chieftain which it scorned to render to an exhausted nation. He felt from the first the

proud conviction that his genius could fuse all its elements into a new universal people.' His reconstruction of the Roman government was cut short by the daggers of Brutus and his associates; and it is impossible to divine how far Augustus was honest in attributing to his uncle the original design of all the measures he himself carried out. Writers who love freedom, and who are by no means blind to the evils which resulted from the empire, even from those principles of it which Cæsar clearly held, have affirmed that if he had been spared he would have done what Cromwell tried in vain to do, and restored freedom to his countrymen. There are some grounds at least for this belief: his profession to the senate on receiving the dictatorship, that he meant to be the ruler, but not the master, of his countrymen — that he desired power in order to serve them, and not to harm any one, was not altogether meaningless. The number of substantial reforms, administrative and judicial — many of them newly devised by himself and all wise and beneficial — which were crowded into his few months of power, is a perfect marvel of statesmanship. In spite of the years of confusion which followed his murder, and the inferiority of Augustus's character and intellect, the edifice which Cæsar planned lasted through four centuries, in stability scarcely impaired. Cæsar is not responsible for the universal dominion of Rome: that was virtually achieved before he was born. He found her the mistress of the world, and he taught her how that power was to be consolidated and maintained. The experiment of a world-empire, which seemed to antiquity so hopeful, was thus tried thoroughly: it did much incidental good, and proved at last to be unsound in principle; and mankind has abandoned the idea. But we cannot blame Cæsar because the attempt failed; we ought rather to admire the political genius which worked out a conception so far above the level of all other despots, whether of the ancient or modern world.

Cæsar in truth stands alone in history. Setting aside the universality of his accomplishments and the charm of his manners, and regarding him merely as a compound of soldier and statesman, we must place him, intellectually, first among the small class of men who have risen to sovereign power upon the waves of revolution. Napoleon had a greater native genius for war, but he was backed by the enthusiasm of awakened France, and he sacrificed all the happiness of his people to his own selfish

* *History of the Romans under the Empire*, vol. I, p. 99

ambition. Cæsar found himself at the head of a nation corrupted by generations of anarchy; he had to depend entirely upon his own powers to regenerate the state, and he devoted his whole energies to the task. Less upright than Cromwell, he was equally noble in his ideal of government, and he had a far harder task set before him. Washington has earned a purer fame, but he was merely the leader of a people who were bent on independence, and needed no reconstruction of society. The ideal of Alexander, of Charlemagne, of Peter the Great, was merely personal dominion; and though the former gave the empire of the East to the Hellenic race, and the two latter effected great improvements in the condition of their subjects, yet none of the three were Cæsar's equals in intellectual power and comprehensiveness of ideas. His faults were grave, but they were the faults of an age when social and political morality were both deeply corrupted; when the marriage tie was not held sacred, nor personal honour known; when religion had vanished, and every rival was setting the example of selfish and unscrupulous ambition. His virtues were his own, and belong rather to the modern idea of a true gentleman than to the ancient type. Viewed by the noonday light of Christian morality, his character cannot indeed demand our admiration, but measured by the standard of his contemporaries it deserves high commendation. Of all men who have achieved greatness of the highest rank, there are scarcely any whose glory is spotted by fewer stains, in proportion to their opportunities and their temptations; and there is not on who was so manifestly born to greatness, or who has left upon the history of the world so many and so permanent traces of his will.

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HENRY HUDSON, THE NAVIGATOR.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY DR. G. M. ASHER, OF HEIDELBERG.

HENRY HUDSON is known to most educated men as the discoverer of Hudson's River, Hudson's Strait, and Hudson's Bay. Very few persons, however, have tried to obtain a more intimate knowledge of this remarkable character. Yet, besides

the importance of his voyages, his career offers a great and unique moral interest. More than any other man, Hudson has identified himself with one sole idea, in the service of which he laboured with matchless heroism. All these valiant efforts were in vain, and led him to a frightful martyrdom. And yet he owes to these same fruitless achievements a justly-earned renown, greater than that at which he aimed.

Hudson's one idea, to discover a short route to Asia by the North, was not of Hudson's creation. It owed, in various shapes, its origin to that great and all but unknown man, Sebastian Cabot, the discoverer of the mainland of America, and the founder of England's maritime power. A large amount of glorious enterprise had already, in 1607, been produced by his plans; and, by the voyages his ideas gave rise to, the names of John and Sebastian Cabot, of Cortereal, Verazzano, Gomez, Davis, Willoughby, Chancellor, Barents, Heemskerck, Linschoten, and many others of minor note, had become historical.

All these labours, however, and those of Hudson's like them, were doomed to be fruitless as regarded their main purpose, for their object is beyond the reach of man. All the short northern routes to Asia are blocked up by permanent icefields, and can therefore never become practicable for ships. Yet, in spite of their fruitlessness, these bold ventures belong to the most important events that history records. To them England owes her American discoveries and colonies, her sway of the ocean, her fisheries of cod and whale, her trans-Atlantic and northern trade; in short, that progress by which from a kingdom of very limited power she has risen to the first place among the empires of ancient and modern times. It is to the consequences of these same apparently fruitless undertakings that the United States owe their existence, the Dutch their freedom and glory, the Russians their connexion with the west of Europe. When we consider what the fate of Europe would have been without the victory of England and the Netherlands over Spain, we may almost be justified in placing the importance of the early northern voyages even above that of Columbus's magnificent discovery.

The scientific results of the northern expeditions were, however, up to Hudson's time, much less satisfactory than any one unacquainted with the scientific methods of those days would be able to imagine. Longitudes, which are at present determined by means of the chronometer, could,

in the sixteenth century, not be calculated at sea. The necessary consequence was an extreme want of accuracy in the laying down of new discoveries. Some instances of these errors appear almost beyond belief to the modern reader. Thus Sir Hugh Willoughby discovered, in 1553, a part of the coast of Nova Zembla. This discovery was afterwards placed by English geographers on the coast of Spitzbergen — a mistake about equal to that which would be committed by confounding the coast of Ireland with that of Sicily. Through errors of a similar nature, mainland appeared as islands, icefields as coasts, rivers as estuaries, and the same coast-line was sometimes drawn, from different surveys, under different names, two, three, and even four times, on the same map.

But even these scientific results extended nowhere, except in Europe, beyond the arctic circle. The polar regions of Asia and America were worse than unknown. For the unknown spaces had not been left blank on the maps. They had been filled up, partly from vague indications of the ancients, partly from the scientific dreams of modern scholars, with imaginary coast-lines which were of course very wide from the truth. Thus the celebrated Dutch geographer, Henry Hond, with whom Hudson was acquainted, boldly asserted that Asia does not extend beyond the fiftieth degree of northern latitude — a mistake by which a tract of country far greater than the whole of Europe is absolutely ignored.

These mistakes of the geographers led Hudson, as we learn from incidental notices in his journal, into the erroneous belief by which all his effort were prompted. He was led to think that the discovery of a short northern route to China was a feasible, though not easy task; and he was determined to solve the problem, or, as he himself said, "to give reason wherefore it would not be." Not less than six different routes were thus tried by him in the short space of four years, from 1607 to 1611. We must look on a map of the arctic regions to understand these various efforts and the causes of their failure.

Three large arctic islands, or groups of islands, are placed to the north-west, north, and north-east of Europe: Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Nova Zembla. We know at present a fact which Hudson first discovered: that the sea between the northern parts of these three mainlands is itself also almost like a mainland. Sometimes in immense and closely packed flocs, in many places as one unbroken surface, the ice

stretches from Greenland to the north of Spitzbergen, and from Spitzbergen to the north of Nova Zembla.

When we leave the European waters, and turn to Asia and America, the prospects of the northern explorer who tries to find a navigable route to China do not become more cheerful.

The frontier between the arctic seas of Europe and Asia is marked by the group of islands called Nova Zembla, which rises, in the shape of an upright half-moon, from the coast of Russia into the Northern Ocean. The sea or bay which is situated on the Asiatic side in the inner part of the crescent, the Sea of Kora, is even in midsummer covered with mighty flocs, between which the navigation is extremely hazardous, and in many places impossible, even to the hardiest and most experienced seamen. In spite of its energy and the skill and perseverance of its captains, the Russian Government has not yet been able to trace the east coast of Nova Zembla.

Yet, even if arrived beyond the Sea of Kora, the navigator has made no real progress on his way to China. He has yet before him the thousands of miles of Siberia's northern coast, no part of which is accessible to ordinary navigation. Even the Russia expeditions, by which the easiest parts of this coast have been explored, are reckoned among the boldest maritime adventures. And there exists no well authenticated record of any but Siberian vessels that have at all penetrated to the north coast of Siberia.

While the prospects in the East are thus entirely destroyed by the science of our days, those in the West are not by any means more encouraging, although they have called forth a much larger amount of exertion. The first attempt to find a route by the north of the American continent almost coincides with the discovery of that continent itself, and the last of a long series of efforts to discover a north-west passage have been made but yesterday. Yet no vessel has really penetrated from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the north-western passage.

Of all these impossibilities none appeared as impossibilities to Hudson's contemporaries; and, though beset with difficulties, a number of chances of a short northern route to China seemed to exist. Hudson himself tried not less than six of these delusive hopes. He attempted: —

1. To sail across the North Pole (1607).
2. To sail eastward by the north of Spitzbergen (1608).

1608

3. To enter the Arctic Ocean between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla (1608).

4. To penetrate through the Nova Zembla group into the Sea of Kora (1608).

5. To find a north-western passage, in those parts where New York is at present situated (1609).

6. To reach the Pacific through the strait and bay which now bear Hudson's own name (1610-1611).

It is curious that Hudson missed the only route which may perhaps, under favourable circumstances, allow some isolated craft to force its way from one ocean to the other—namely, the route on which Sir John Franklin perished. But it can hardly be questioned that Hudson, had he lived longer, would have tried that chance also.

He began his career as a northern explorer in the service of the Company of Merchant Adventurers, which had been founded by Sebastian Cabot, in 1553, expressly for the purpose of trading with India and China by a north-eastern route. The numerous attempts made by the Company in order to realize the founder's idea proved of course fruitless. They led, however, to the establishment of a lucrative trade with Russia, and through Russia with Persia and Tartary. The dangers and difficulties of the voyage to Archangel became thus familiar to a noble school of English seamen who laid the foundation for England's oceanic navigation and commerce. Two immense services especially were rendered by Sebastian Cabot and by his company to all future navigators: the invention and development of the logbook, and the systematic observation of the variations of the needle. The journals kept by the seamen in the Company's service differ, indeed, but little from those of the present day, while all the accounts of voyages undertaken prior to 1553 are more like the random narratives of tourists than like maritime records. And of all the early journals of the Merchant Adventurers, none are equal to those of Henry Hudson. He is especially distinguished by adding to the logbook a new feature—the observation of the dip of the magnetic needle.

We have already seen that Hudson's first attempt was to reach Japan and China by passing the North Pole. This plan had been suggested in 1527 by Robert Thorne, a Seville merchant, who seems to have been under Sebastian Cabot's influence. Up to 1607 the plan had not been tested; and Hudson, too, soon discovered how impracticable it was.*

* We shall not trouble the reader with such geographical details as only a thorough acquaintance

Hudson left Gravesend the 1st of May, 1607, reached Shetland the 26th of the same month, and the Greenland coast the 13th of June. He tells us that he hoped to find an open sea, instead of the northern parts of Greenland which his chart indicated. But, although that chart was not correct in all its details, Hudson's first hope proved delusive. He did not any more succeed in finding a passage through the ice between Greenland and Spitzbergen; and the search after such a passage led him rapidly along that undulating north-easterly line which the arctic ice-bank between Spitzbergen and Greenland describes in summer time. He thus reached Spitzbergen the 27th of June. Here he made again, and with no more success, an attempt similar to that he had made off the Greenland shore. He tried to force his way through the Spitzbergen group eastwards, but found solid land where he desired to discover the open sea. Not less in vain were his efforts to pass eastwards or northwards by the north of the Spitzbergen group. Everywhere the way was blocked up by boundless icefields. The whole of the month of July having been spent in these fruitless endeavours, Hudson shaped his course homewards the 1st of August. On his home voyage he accidentally discovered an island under 71° N. lat., which he called Hudson's Touches, and which has since been called Jan Mayen Island by the Dutch. Hudson's name has not yet been restored to this island by English geographers, although claimed for it with unquestionable evidence more than five years ago.

This first voyage of Henry Hudson had one highly important result. It led to the establishment of the arctic fisheries both of the English and Dutch, which besides their great economical value, have mightily contributed in forming an army of skilful and dauntless seamen.

Hudson's second voyage, in 1608, which was again undertaken for the Merchant Adventurers, offers still fewer points of interest. It merely served to destroy some of the delusive hopes of a north-easterly route to China hitherto entertained by geographers.

Having ascertained by his first voyage that there was no hope of penetrating between Greenland and Spitzbergen, Hudson's new plan was to enter the Arctic Ocean between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. He left London the 22d of April, 1608. The 11th of June he was in lat. $75^{\circ} 24' N.$, between

with arctic geography would enable him to understand; and we shall therefore devote but a few lines to Hudson's first voyage.

Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, engaged in his struggles against the fies and fields of ice. After only a week's vain exertions, the 18th of June, this struggle had to be given up, and Hudson had to sail southwards. He now tried a course similar to those of the preceding year. Misled by his charts, he sought to go eastwards through the Nova Zembla group; but, where he had hoped to meet with an open passage, the unbroken coast-line continued with pitiless perseverance. On the 6th of July the fruitlessness of this effort had become evident, and only one apparent chance remained in those quarters, — to enter the Sea of Kora by the open passage between Russia and Nova Zembla. But it was already too late for such an attempt, and Hudson's vessel was not fitted for the already well-known dangers of the Sea of Kora; Hudson therefore returned towards home on the 6th of July. Regretting the loss of the finest part of the season, he was tempted yet to sail to the north-west, and to explore the mouth of the strait that now bears his name. This idea, however, he gave up for the present, and reached home the 26th of August.

Hudson's account of the second voyage contains the following justly celebrated passage: —

"This morning (June 15th, 1608, lat. 75° 7' N.) one of our companie looking overboard saw a mermaid, and, calling up some of the companie to see her, one more came up, and by that time shee was come close to the ship's side, looking earnestly on the men; a little after a sea came and overturned her. From the navill upward, her backe and breasts were like a woman's, as they say that saw her, her body as big as one of us, her skin very white, and long haire hanging downe behind, of colour blacke; in her going down they saw her tayle, which was like the tayle of a porpasse and speckled like a macrell. Their names that saw her were Thomas Hills and Robert Rayner."

The two failures of 1607 and 1608 seem to have discouraged the Company of Merchant Adventurers from further pursuing the scheme of the north-eastern search. Hudson, however, firmly adhered to his idea, and a very short time after his return to England he followed a call to another quarter, where better prospects were held out to him. At the close of the year 1608 we met him in Holland, already perfectly familiar with the leading personages in nautical enterprise and geographical science, such as Peter Plancius, Isaac Lemaire, Henry Hondius. He even became mixed up in a very

singular manner with the Dutch political conflicts that were then at their height. Without deviating in the least from his one and only purpose of finding a northern route to China, and most probably without understanding the motives of those he was dealing with, Hudson entered into negotiations with both of the great political parties of Holland who were bidding against each other for his services. In this bidding, a still more important personage, the envoy of Henry IV. of France, the celebrated Jeanmin, took an active part on behalf his master.

The struggles of the two parties between whom Hudson was thus bandied about had so great an influence on the consequences of his third voyage that we cannot help entering at some length into the different subjects of this Dutch party strife — a subject of great intrinsic interest, and of some importance for the history of England's home and foreign affairs.

The war between Spain and the Netherlands had the effect of transferring all those brilliant features by which Belgium had been distinguished up to Philippe I.'s time — her commerce, industry, learning, and art — to the northern provinces which shook off the Spanish yoke, and especially to Holland. All the principal towns of Holland still bear the architectural stamp of their perfect renewal at the end of the sixteenth century. The seemingly miraculous growth of the Dutch republic was indeed nothing but a transplantation of the most vigorous elements from the south to the north, and the destruction of Belgium's prosperity was its necessary consequence.

This state of things was definitively settled by the truce of 1609, by which Spain recognized the independence of the northern Netherlands, while these gave up, for twelve years, the war with Spain. The treaty contained one of the most infamous stipulations ever invented by diplomatists, the closing of the River Scheldt. It fortified the iron rule of papistic persecutions in Belgium, cut off all hope of the return of the Protestant emigrants, and thus doomed Belgium to that perpetual despondency from which she suffered during more than two centuries, and only recovered within our own recollections.

Such a treaty was for the native Hollanders like a double victory over Spain and over Belgium. Very different, however, were the feelings with which it was regarded by the emigrants from Belgium — a body of nearly a million, which contained the very quintessence of every thing that

had formerly made Belgium, and had now made Holland, a powerful state. These emigrants contended — perhaps with truth, perhaps with the ordinary delusion of emigrants — that by an honest continuation of the war with Spain the Spaniards must be driven from Belgium, also. The Orange family, whose interests lay in the same direction, shared the same views. Another scarcely less powerful ally was the grudge of the lower trading classes, especially in the towns, against the powerful families who ruled the cities of Holland and the country itself, as deputies from the cities in the estates of Holland.

The party into which these three elements were combined centered in the Calvinistic clergy, who consisted almost exclusively of Belgians. Having sprung from a war in defence of the Protestant religion, the party was naturally ruled and kept together by its preachers. Of so much importance, indeed, was this religious standard, that the adversaries also felt obliged to raise a theological banner, on which they inscribed the name of Arminius. The well-known maxims of Church government, set forth by that celebrated Dutch divine, had originally no other purpose than to suit the interests of the oligarchs, whom they delivered from the power of the Calvinist ministers. Arminians and oligarchs were convertible terms.

These two parties, the Calvinistic and the Arminian, lasted down to the French Revolution of 1789. They are not even now quite extinct. Formed gradually during the war with Spain, the two parties had assumed their definitive shape in 1607 and 1608. It was in the midst of the turmoil of their struggle that Hudson arrived in Holland.

But what had the party strife to do with the north-eastern search?

The glorious beginning of Holland's maritime success had been mainly the work of the Belgian emigrants. Belgian merchants, settled in various towns of the northern provinces, had first started ships for oceanic commerce. The Belgian emigrants had also hit upon the singularly happy and fruitful idea of turning the science of geography into a weapon against the King of Spain. The fathers of modern map-making, Gemma, Ortelius, and Mercator, were Belgians, and, though themselves Roman Catholics, yet closely connected with the Protestants. Their followers, Hulsius, the De Brys, Bertius, De Laet, Cluverius, Jodarus, and Henry Hondius, and especially Peter Plancius, were all of them Belgians and

Belgian emigrants. Plancius, a most ardent Calvinistic preacher, and one of the heads of the Calvinistic party, had opened at Amsterdam a school of navigation, to the influence of which all the early voyages of the Dutch can be distinctly traced back. With regard to the search for a short northern route, and to all northern search in general, Plancius held very nearly the same positions as Sir John Barrow held, and Sir Roderick Murchison holds, in our days. Plancius's most cherished pupils, William Barents and Jacob Heemskerck, had won imperishable laurels by their north-eastern voyages; and, when Barents's companions returned from their celebrated wintering at Nova Zembla, where Barents himself had perished, Plancius's house was the first place they repaired to.

But the vigilant chief of the Holland navigators, John Oldenbarnevelt, did not allow the power which the early maritime successes created to remain in the hands of his political adversaries. He established, in 1602, the great East India Company, whose government was from the beginning, and always remained, with the Arminians. This company had, to the exclusion of all other Dutch citizens, the privilege of trading to the East by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, and by the Straits of Magellan. The trade by the northern route that was yet to be discovered was, however, not included in the privilege.

When Hudson first arrived in Holland, he had been called there by the East India Company. After some negotiations with him they told him that, while the question of the truce with Spain was pending, they would not enter into any new enterprise. They gave him a retaining fee, and claimed his services for the year 1610. These transactions took place in December, 1608, or in the beginning of January, 1609.

But, in the meanwhile, the Belgians had not been idle. One of their principal merchants and shipowners, Isaac Lemaire, tried to persuade Jeannin, the envoy of Henry IV., to engage Hudson, and thus to forestall the East India Company. The voyage was to be taken on joint account, under Lemaire's name, Henry furnishing but the very moderate sum of three or four thousand crowns (*écus*). Jeannin's letter, which informs Henry IV. of this negotiation, is an extremely valuable document for the history of commerce. It is not less curious from the insight it gives into Plancius's and Lemaire's illusions concerning the extreme north. These illusions have, unfortunately, not been quite dispelled even at the present

day, and some of them still figure among the hopes and plans of Professor Petermann. May they not again bear bitter fruits!

Although the transaction between Jean-nin and Hudson was to be a profound secret, it became, like most secrets, known to the persons whom it concerned; and the Amsterdam directors of the East India Company determined to send Hudson at once, in 1609, against the advice of their Zealand colleagues, who were by this time convinced that the north-eastern route to China was a mere dream.

The vessel which Hudson obtained for his voyage, the *Half Moon*, was, in size, like those the English company had supplied to him. It was a small flat-bottomed craft of the kind then generally used in the Dutch coasting trade, and manned with a crew of sixteen, partly English, partly Dutch. The Englishmen were, as far as their names are known, from among Hudson's former companions. They must, therefore, have come to Holland for the express purpose of again joining in a northern expedition. The Dutch sailors, on the contrary, accustomed to East India, were ill adapted for a polar voyage.

Hudson originally intended to undertake again a north-eastern search, most probably through the open strait south of Nova Zembla (Nassau Strait), and then go through the Kora Sea. Scarcely, however, had he arrived in the neighbourhood of Nova Zembla when a mutiny broke out among the crew, the Dutch sailors refusing to battle with the ice. Hudson then laid before them two proposals: "to undertake a search through Davis's Strait, or to go to the coast of America, to the latitude of 40°. This idea had been suggested to him by some letters and maps which his friend Captain Smith had sent to him from Virginia, and by which he informed him that there was a sea leading into the western ocean by the north of the southern English colony."*

Captain John Smith, the founder of the English empire in North America, had married the daughter of an Indian chief. It is, therefore, probable that he had received from the Indians some vague account of the great Western lakes, which induced him to mistake these ocean-like waters for the Pacific. It would even seem as if Hudson

himself had communicated Smith's opinions to his friends in Holland. For the Dutch geographer, Hessel Gerritsz, the first writer who spread Hudson's reputation, and, like Hudson, a friend of Peter Plancius, asserted in 1612 that, according to the unanimous testimony of the Virginians and Floridans, their country is to the west washed by a wide sea, and Gerritsz identifies that sea with the Pacific.

Hudson's crew accepted the search indicated by Captain Smith, which offered them no danger of cold and icefields. The 14th of May the *Half Moon* left the neighbourhood of Nova Zembla. Having arrived in the American waters, near the coast of Nova Scotia, in the beginning of July, Hudson examined the whole sea shore from Nova Scotia down to the mouth of the Delaware. But the records by which the memory of this part of the explorations is handed down offer little interest at the present day. Of Hudson's own journal only a few scraps have been preserved in a Dutch translation. Those notes of his companions in which the voyage along the coast of the United States is described are of a strictly nautical character. They do not even allude to Hudson's one leading purpose, the search for a north-western strait; and they do not allow us to watch the continual rising and vanishing of his illusive hopes.

From the Delaware, Hudson returned northwards along the coast, and on the 2d (12th, new style) of September, 1609, he made the discovery which has most illustrated his name. On that day he entered the mouth of Hudson's River.

In the river's mouth nearly a week was spent. Then Hudson sailed up the river till he arrived, on the 16th, near what is now the city of Albany. Here the river becomes too shallow for large vessels. This fact having been ascertained by a boat sent a few miles higher up to take soundings, Hudson began his home-voyage the 28th. Having dropped slowly down the river, he was, the 5th of October, again on the open sea.

The narratives of this earliest voyage up and down Hudson River abound with anecdotes of encounters, some friendly, some hostile, with the natives. We shall select a few of the most characteristic; Hudson himself tells:—*

"I sailed to the shore in one of their canoes, with an old man who was the chief of a tribe, consisting of forty men and seventeen women; these I saw there in a house

* Retranslated from the Dutch translation of De Laet. The original is lost.

* Virginia as opposed to New England. The above passage is from Van Meteren's chronicle, and can almost with certainty be traced back to Hudson himself. Van Meteren died in 1612, only two years after Hudson's return from the third voyage. Florida is a very vague term. Even in the 17th century the natives of the State of New York were sometimes called Floridans.

well constructed of oak bark, and circular in shape, so that it had the appearance of being well built, with an arched roof. It contained a great quantity of maize, or Indian corn, and beans of the last year's growth, and there lay near the house, for the purpose of drying, enough to load three ships, besides what was growing in the fields. On our coming into the house, two mats were spread out to sit upon, and immediately some food was served in well-made red wooden bowls; two men were also despatched at once, with bows and arrows, in quest of game, who soon after brought in a pair of pigeons which they had shot. They likewise killed a fat dog, and skinned it in great haste with shells which they had got out of the water. They supposed that I would remain with them for the night, but I returned after a short time on board the ship. The land is the finest for cultivation that I ever in my life set foot upon, and it also abounds in trees of every description. The natives are a very good people, for, when they saw that I would not remain, they supposed that I was afraid of their bows, and, taking the arrows, they broke them in pieces, and threw them into the fire."

In a very different spirit are nearly all the observations on the Indians made by Juet, one of Hudson's most constant companions, an able man, but of a very bad character, to whose influence the exposure and death of Hudson in Hudson's Bay is mainly to be attributed. Juet tells:—

"The people of the country came aboard of us making show of love, and gave us tobacco and Indian wheat, and departed for that night, but we durst not trust them. . . .

"This morning there came eight-and-twentie canoes full of men, women, and children to betray us,* but we saw their intent, and suffered none of them to come aboard of us. At twelve of the clocke they departed. They brought with them oysters and beanes, whereof we bought some. They have great tobacco pipes of yellow copper, and pots of earth to dresse their meat in. . . .

"In the morning two great canoes came aboard full of men, the one with their bowes and arrowes, and the other in show of buying knives, to betray us, but we perceived their intent. Wee took two of them to

have kept them, and put red coates on them, and would not suffer the others to come near us. So they went on land, and two others came aboard in a canoe; we tooke the one and let the other goe; but hee which we had taken got up, and leapt overboard. . . .

"This morning oure two savages got out of a port, and swam away. After wee were under sayle they called to us in scorne: . . .

"The people of the mountaynes came aboard us, wondering at our ship and weapons. We bought some skinnes of them for trifles. This afternoone one canoe kept hanging under our sterne with one man in it, which we could not keep from there, who got up by our rudder to the cabbins window, and stole out my pillow, and two shirts, and two bandeliers. Our master's mate shot at him, and strooke him on the brest, and killed him. Whereupon all the rest fled away, some in their canoes, and so leapt out of them into the water. We manned our boat, and got our things again. Then one of them that swamme got hold of our boat, thinking to overthrow it. But our cooke tooke a sword, and cut off one of his hands, and he was drowned."

Only once Juet does full justice to the natives:—

"There wee found very loving people: and very old men: where we were well-used."

But even the following charming anecdote is spoilt by the hostile tone in which it is told:—

"And our master and his mate determined to trie some of the chiefe men of the country, whether they had any treacherie in them. So they tooke them downe into the cabbins and gave them so much wine and *aqua vite* that they were all merrie: and one of them had his wife with him, which sate so modestly as any of our countreywomen would do in a strange place. In the ende one of them was drunke, which had beene aboard of our ship all the time we had beene there: and that was strange to them; for they could not tell how to take it. The canoes and folks went all on shore: but some of them came againe, and brought stropes of beades—some had six, seven, eight, nine, ten—and gave him. So he slept all night quietly. . . .

"The people of the countrey came not aboard till noone, but when they came and saw the savages well, they were glad. So

* The intentions of the Indians were evidently of a friendly nature. No Indian war-party would have been accompanied by women and children.

at three of the clocke, in the afternoone, they came aboard and brought tobacco, and more beades, and gave them to our master, and made an oration, and showed him all the countrey round about. Then they sent one of their companie on land, who presently returned, and brought a great platte full of venison dressed by themselves; and they caused him to eate with them; then they made him reverence, and departed, all save the old man that lay aboard."

This first acquaintance with the effects of the fire-water — for them not an *aqua vite*, but a water of death — remained still vivid in the Indians' memory two hundred years after its occurrence, as German missionaries among them testify.

The great difference between Hudson's and Juet's appreciation of the natives is but one instance, and a very mild one, of the dissensions between the master and his crew. The whole plan of the voyage had already been altered by their mutinous behaviour, which was about to exercise a still more decisive influence on Hudson's fate. By preventing his return to Holland, it mainly contributed to lead him to the vast and dreary inland sea which bears his name — at once the site and the immense monument of his martyrdom.

For, when the *Half Moon* was again out of the mouth of the river, the whole crew unanimously refused to return to Holland. This seemed to Hudson so sinister a symptom that he could not even be induced to accept his mate's proposal, else so alluring to him, of passing the winter on Newfoundland, and starting at the very beginning of the next season for a search in Davis's Strait. Hudson tried, seemingly with perfect success, to persuade the crew to winter in Ireland. But, when they neared the British Islands, a renewed mutiny compelled him to direct his course to Dartmouth Harbour, on the coast of Devonshire. Here he arrived the 7th of December, 1600. In Dartmouth a new and most fatal disappointment awaited him. While the storms of autumn and winter retarded his intercourse with his employers in Holland, the English Government, in January, 1610, laid an embargo on the persons of Hudson and of his English companions.

Hudson's plan had been to undertake in the next season but a short search, from the middle of September, and then to return to Holland. Although this plan was frustrated, he was not to remain idle. A new company was formed in England for the express purpose of Hudson's explorations. It is curious how mighty were the efforts by which

one vessel of very moderate dimensions, with a crew of only twenty-four persons, including all the officers, was fitted out. Hudson's new employers were, besides the Company of Merchant Adventurers and the East India Company: —

Henry Charles, Earl of Northampton, Keeper of the Privy Seal; Charles, Earl of Nottingham, Admiral of England; Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain; Henry, Earl of Southampton; Villiers, Earl of Salisbury; Theophilus, Lord Walden; Sir Thomas Smith Mansell; Sir Walter Hope; Sir Dudley Diggs; Sir James Lanceratt, Rebecca, Lady Romney; Francis Jones, Alderman; John Wolstenholme, Esq.; John Edred, Robert Sandy, William Greenwell, Nicholas Leats, Hovet Stopers, William Russell, John Mericks, Abraham Chamberlaine, Philipp Barlomathis, merchants of the city of London.

The real merit of having started the expedition belongs, however, neither to the two mighty companies, nor to the noble patrons, but to three gentlemen whose names are in the above long list not to be distinguished from the crowd of other names — to Sir Dudley Diggs, Sir Thomas Smith, and John Wolstenholme, Esq. Purchas, the historian of the expedition, mentions no other name but theirs; and Hudson gratefully inscribed those of Sir Dudley Diggs and John Wolstenholme on the passage which forms the entrance-gate from Hudson's Strait to Hudson's Bay. Sir Thomas Smith's name was afterward's given by Baffin to Smith's Sound.

Hudson's intention was from the beginning of this voyage the same which he carried out: to search for a route to the Pacific through the strait now called Hudson's Strait. This search was so far prepared by anterior north-western expeditions that much of the groping movements which mostly mark voyages of discovery was saved to Hudson. Frobiisher had already, in 1576, found a strait parallel and close to Hudson's Strait. Davis, one of the greatest of northern navigators, had spent the three seasons of 1585, 1586, and 1589, in examining the shores of the strait which justly bears his name. He had even drawn these coasts for the then celebrated globe of Henry Molyneux. The existence of several western straits on the American side of Davis's Strait was therefore, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, a fact generally known among geographers. Nay, Hudson's whole plan had, during his stay in Holland, been discussed between him and Peter Plancius, by whom it was rejected. For Plancius

told Hudson that Hudson's Strait is not a way to the Pacific, but a blind alley. Of this fact Plancius had been informed by a seaman who had been at the bottom of the strait and bay. Hudson's immediate predecessor in the north-western search, George Weymouth, had, in 1602, sailed nearly one hundred leagues (three hundred miles) into Hudson's Strait. Hessel Gerritsz, and Luke Fox state that Hudson followed Weymouth's footsteps — a statement which some of Hudson's own observations confirm.

It would, therefore, be a great mistake to attribute to Hudson the *discovery* of the strait, in the vulgar sense of the word *discovery*. His real merit consists in the exploration of the strait — a work of such magnitude that it would alone be sufficient to justify the immortality of his name.

The 17th of April, 1610, Hudson took his last leave from London. His vessel, the bark *Discovery*, sailed with him and his companions from St. Katherine's Pool near London Bridge. An ill-boding event marked his very first step. Before he had left the River Thames, the 22nd of April, he had to send back a man named Coleburne — by others Colbert or Colbrand — whom Hudson's employers had forced upon him as an assistant and official adviser. It is not surprising that this else absolutely unknown individual has revenged himself on Hudson's memory by pretending that he was the real author of the search through Hudson's Strait — an assertion that is fortunately refuted by Hudson's anterior communications with Peter Plancius.

Having passed the Orkneys and the Faroe Islands, Hudson was the 15th of May near the southern coast of Iceland. He then rounded the south-western point and sailed up along the western shore. But the unusually vehement eruptions of Mount Heccla — which, according to Hudson's opinion, indicated the approach of heavy weather — and especially the compact icefields that yet encoiled the north-eastern coast of Ireland, induced our navigator to stay a fortnight in two of the western harbours, Dyre-Fiord and Breyde-Fiord. During this repose, they kept Whitsuntide, bathed in the hot springs, shot a vast store of wild fowl, ducks, and partridges, plovers, geese, mallard, teal, and curlew. One gun could kill enough to feast the whole company of twenty-three persons. The sea also supplied them with an abundance of fish.

During this stay in Iceland, Juet, Hudson's mate, began to excite the men against the master; and shortly after leaving the shore he threatened to turn the ship's head

homewards. This rebellion seemed so serious a matter to Hudson that he at first intended to sail back to Iceland in order to send Juet home by a whaler. He refrained unfortunately from executing this judicious plan, and even maintained Juet in his position.

While they were waiting in Breyde-Fiord, whole islands of ice came off the western coast, and on the 1st of June the sea was already sufficiently cleared to allow their departure. Hudson intended to sail in as direct a line as possible to the mouth of his strait. But he was forced to adopt a somewhat circuitous course. For the south of Greenland was still encompassed by ice-fields which stretched far out into the sea. Only on the 25th day after his departure from Iceland, the 24th of June at midnight, Hudson entered his strait from the north, in latitude $62^{\circ} 17' N$.

A geographical account of the voyage through the strait would not only fatigue the reader; it would even be of very doubtful value. The maps and charts of Hudson's Strait are still in the highest degree unsatisfactory; and conclusions based upon their comparison with Hudson's journals would rarely make us obtain unquestionable facts. We have nevertheless the means of appreciating the greatness of Hudson's achievement and of marking its place in the history of northern discovery.

Hudson has left a map of the strait which is far superior even to Davis and Molyneux's delineation of Davis's Strait; and no other northern map or chart existing at the time can at all be compared to it. From this map, and from the journal and accounts that have been preserved, we can conclude with certainty that Hudson examined both the northern and the southern shore of the strait — an undertaking of such vast difficulty that, without the positive proofs we possess of its having been accomplished, we should hesitate to admit even its possibility.

The strait has a length of more than 600 miles, and an average width at least equal to that of the German Ocean. And so continual are the fogs and mists in those regions that a coast must be approached very closely in order to be investigated. The season of 1610 was, besides, far from favourable to the explorers. The deep bays and recesses of the southern coast were in midsummer still filled with ice which, though loose and drifting, was not the less dangerous to navigation, especially at night, and when foul weather had set in. Hudson first discovered a remedy against such dan-

gers, which has, we believe, often been imitated since. He fastened his vessel to the biggest floe he could lay hold of, and then gayly sported along with it, the floe opening a channel through the ice.

The seeds of mutiny which Juet had sown while they were staying in Iceland showed their first germs when, on the 5th of July, they were so blocked in by icefields that Hudson in his own heart gave up all hope, as he afterwards avowed. Although the crew obeyed his call on their exertions, they began to murmur very loudly, and Juet's voice was once more raised against the captain's. While Hudson even in this extremity believed that he could reach East India by Candelmas (in February, 1611), Juet spoke words of bitter mockery, which were but too true, and sounded therefore the more severely.

Some sport was here and there afforded by seals and bears on drifting floes. But even this rare chase was mostly without success; the seals and bears escaping by diving or jumping on other islands of ice before the boats could approach them. At last the western mouth of the strait was reached, the 2d of August. The 3d of August, 1610, Hudson entered Hudson's Bay.

The island to which Hudson gave the name of his patron, Sir Dudley Diggs, and the opposite cape, which he named after John Wolstenholme, Esq., form a kind of gateway between Hudson's Strait and Hudson's Bay. The islands swarm with fowl of every kind, which the natives of the region catch by an ingenious trick — placing a snare in such manner that the birds caught in it strangle themselves. A large herd of deer was also met with. Yet, to the indignation of his crew, Hudson could not be induced to tarry, but moved on southwards, now evidently confident that the way to China was plain before him. For, on leaving the strait, the coast of Hudson's Bay trends almost directly from the north to the south.

The mistake was, however, too evident to remain long hidden, especially to a man like Juet; and the more the danger of wintering in this dreary region became a certainty, the more Juet's wild mind was roused; and, at last, Hudson was obliged to depose him, the 7th of September, 1610.

After wandering about in the labyrinth of icefields, islands, creeks, and harbours to the south of Hudson's Bay, and finding every rising hope of a through passage to the Pacific almost immediately destroyed, the months of August, September, and Oc-

tober being thus spent, they were frozen in by the 3d of November. A similar misfortune has befallen many arctic navigators, and frequently in far more trying circumstances. The latitude of Hudson's winter-quarters is only a few miles to the north of that of London. Barents had, in 1596, wintered in latitude 73° N., nearly 1,500 miles further north, and Dr. Kane's wintering took place in latitude 80°, nearly 2,000 miles nearer to the Pole. The gloom of an endless night, which added so much to the horrors both of Kane's and Barents's wintering, was here of course out of the question, as much as in London or Berlin. Hudson's provisions, though not abundant, were yet far more plentiful than those of most navigators who have wintered in the ice; and a number of adventitious additions were made to them by shooting and fishing. Scurvy visited few of the early northern expeditions less severely than Hudson's. Only one man died of this terrible disease, though a good many were more or less afflicted by it.

Yet this trying time, which has so often brought out the most beautiful qualities of the seaman — his steady trust in God, his cheerfulness, his obedience and attachment to his superiors — made a hell of Hudson's ship. The mutinous spirit showed itself without disguise, and Hudson had openly to take precautions for his personal safety. He seized all charts, notes, and writing materials, in order to render it impossible for his crew to return without him. He was exceedingly careful in hoarding a store of provisions, so much so that he increased instead of diminished the distrust of his men, which grew from day to day, and continually threatened to break out in open revolt.

A momentary diversion was made in this state of things by the hope — vain, like all Hudson's hopes — of establishing a regular intercourse with the natives. One of them had been to the ship, and had entered into a bartering negotiation. When Hudson followed his traces, he already perceived that he was close to the encampments. But, when he neared the fires, of which he had seen the smoke, the inhabitants were always gone. Much faster than he, they fled before him. Not even here his illusions left him. From the knife which he had seen that one man wear, and which appeared to him like those of the Mexicans, he concluded that he was near the Pacific Ocean.

He was to empty the cup to the very dregs before the terrible end of the tragedy took place. The mutiny by which he lost

his life broke out three days after the vessel had at last been enabled to get away. His departure from his winter-quarters took place the 18th of June. On the 21st of June, 1611, Hudson, with his son John, who had always been his companion, and seven sick men afflicted with scurvy, were exposed in a boat. Their former companions then fled from them at full sail, as if from an enemy.

During the home voyage the principal ringleaders died — Juet from want, in sight of the Irish coast; the others long before, in a fight with the Esquimaux. The remainder reached home towards the middle of September. They were, at their arrival, imprisoned, but they must soon have been released — for Robert Bylas, who had acted as master in the home voyage, acquired a conspicuous place among northern navigators.

The consequences of Hudson's extraordinary career, the energy of which has seldom been approached and never exceeded, are very remarkable. When he suffered the most cruel kind of martyrdom, a lingering starvation, in the presence of his son and of his faithful companions, who were suffering and dying with him, he must have considered all his dauntless efforts as absolutely fruitless. Yet how much have they produced! The Bay and Strait have

opened up the vast territories which, after having for centuries yielded an inexhaustible supply of furs, are now destined to hold a distinguished place among England's colonial possessions. The first voyage has yielded to England and Holland a fishing trade the proceeds of which amount to millions of money; and which has vastly contributed to develop the energy of English and Dutch seamen. More important still are the consequences of the third voyage. Hudson's own employers, the East India Company of Holland, did not follow up his discoveries, because all West-Indian trade was specially advocated by the Calvinists, as an infringement of the right which the King of Spain pretended to have to the whole of America. Therefore, although some trading to Hudson's River had taken place by a number of adventurers from 1611 to 1620, a regular intercourse began only in 1621, when the West India Company had been established — a specially Calvinistic concern, whose principal aim was to injure the King of Spain. Under the auspices of that powerful company, the fort which had been built in 1614 on the River Hudson gradually developed into a town of importance, the trade of which was already considerable, when, in 1664, it was conquered by an English fleet, and named New York.

THE TRAGEDIES OF SOPHOCLES. A NEW TRANSLATION, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAY. By E. H. Plumptre, M.A. Second Edition, revised. (Strahan.)—Mr. Plumptre's translation of Sophocles deserved the honours of a second edition. But though this new edition has been fully revised, we think there are still some passages where the spirit of the original is not preserved, or its force imperfectly rendered. A translation must necessarily be tested by comparison with the finest and most enduring parts of the work which it attempts to reproduce. Mere fidelity is not enough to satisfy us in those cases. The slightest departure from the well-known words is sure to be resented. Mr. Plumptre labours under the further disadvantage of having to strive with the Greek choruses, and either to make them purely English by the help of rhyme, or to give them a rather forced and barren air by breaking them

up into unrhymed lyrics. We do not exaggerate this difficulty when we say that unrhymed lyrics have been seldom tried in England, and still more rarely have they succeeded. The portentous failure of Southey in *Thalaba* seems to have warned others, who were more skilful lyrists, against following in his footsteps. Yet new metres never succeed till they are taken up and naturalized by great artists. All the attempts up to a certain point are rude and ungainly. Then comes the true poet, and, with a touch, the trick is taught to everybody. Mr. Plumptre shows that the introduction of unrhymed lyrics is still uncertain, by appending specimens of the same choruses in rhymed translations. He is certainly more faithful when this additional responsibility is not imposed upon him, and rhymes do not make the choruses much more pleasing. — *Spectator*.

CHAPTER XVII.

THEY VISIT THE CHAPEL OF PENRUTHYN AGAIN.

VERY grave was Cleve Verney as the vehicle disappeared. His uncle's conversation had been very dismal. "Ethel, indeed! What an old bore he is to be sure! Well, no matter; we shall see who'll win the game. He is so obstinate and selfish." There was, indeed, an enemy in front — an up-hill battle before him. He prayed heaven, at all events, that the vindictive old gentleman might not discover the refuge of Sir Booth Fanshawe. Were he to do so, what a situation for Cleve! He would talk the matter over with his uncle's attorneys, who knew him, with whom he had often been deputed to confer on other things; who, knowing that he stood near the throne, would listen to him, and they would not be over-zealous in hunting the old Baronet down. With those shrewd suspicious fellows, Cleve would put it all on election grounds. Sir Booth was in a kind of way popular. There would be a strong feeling against any extreme or vindictive courses being taken by his uncle, and this would endanger, or at all events embarrass Cleve very seriously.

Away shadows of the future — smoke and vapours of the pit! Let us have the sun and air of heaven while we may. What a charming day! how light and pleasant the breeze! The sails rattle, quiver and fill, and stooping to the breeze, away goes the *Wave* — and, with a great sigh, away go Cleve's troubles, for the present; and his eye travels along the sea-board, from Cardyllian on to Malory, and so to the dimmer outline of Penruthyn Priory.

As usual, they ran for Pendillion — the wind favouring — and at two o'clock Cleve stood on the sea-rocked stones of the rude pier of Penruthyn, and ordered his men to bring the yacht, seaward, round the point of Cardrwydd, and there to await him. There was some generalship in this. His interview of the morning had whetted his instincts of caution. Round Cardrwydd the men could not see, and beside he wanted no one — especially not that young lady, whom the sight might move to he knew not what capricious resolve, to see the *Wave* in the waters of Penruthyn.

Away went the yacht, and Cleve stole up to the ancient Priory, from the little hillock beyond which is a view of the sea half way to Malory.

Three o'clock came, and no sail in sight.

"They're not coming. I shan't see her.

They must have seen our sail. Hang it, I knew we tacked too soon. And she's such an odd girl, I think, if she fancied I were here she'd rather stay at home, or go anywhere else. Three o'clock! He held his watch to his ear for a moment. "By Jove! I thought it had stopped. That hour seems so long. I won't give it up yet, though. That" — he was going to call him *brute*, but even under the irritation of the hypothesis he could not — "that oddity, Sir Booth, may have upset their plans or delayed them."

So, with another long look over the lonely sea toward Malory, he descended from his post of observation, and sauntered rather despondingly, by the old Priory, and down the steep and pretty old road, that sinuously leads to the shore and the ruinous little quay, for which boats of tourists still make. He listened and lingered on the way. His mind misgave him. He would have deferred the moment when his last hope was to go out, and the chance of the meeting, which had been his last thought at night, and his first in the morning, should lose itself in the coming shades of night. Yes, he would allow them a little time — it could not be much — and if a sail were not in sight by the time he reached the strand he would give all up, and set out upon his dejected walk to Cardrwydd.

He halted and lingered for a while in that embowered part of the little by-road which opens on the shore, half afraid to terminate a suspense in which was still a hope. With an effort, then, he walked on, over the little ridge of sand and stones, and, lo! there was the boat with furled sails by the broken pier, and within scarce fifty steps the Malory ladies were approaching.

He raised his hat — he advanced quickly — not knowing quite how he felt, and hardly recollecting the minute after it was spoken, what he had said. He only saw that the young lady seemed surprised and grave. He thought she was even vexed.

"I'm so glad we've met you here, Mr. Verney," said artful Miss Sheekleton. "I was just thinking, compared with our last visit, how little profit we should derive from our present. I'm such a dunce in ancient art and architecture, and in all the subjects, in fact, that help one to understand such a building as this, that I despaired of enjoying our excursion at all as I did our last; but, perhaps you are leaving, and once more is too much to impose such a task as you undertook on our former visit."

"Going away! You could not really think such a thing possible, while I had a

chance of your permitting me to do the honours of our poor Priory."

He glanced at Miss Fanshawe, who was at the other side of the chatty old lady, as they walked up the dim monastic road; but the Guido was looking over the low wall into the Warren, and his glance passed by unheeded.

"I'm so fond of this old place," said Cleve, to fill in a pause. "I should be ashamed to say—you'd think me a fool almost—how often I take a run over here in my boat, and wander about its grounds and walls, quite alone. If there's a transmigration of souls, I dare say mine once inhabited a friar of Penruthyn—I feel, especially since I last came to Ware, such an affection for the old place."

"It's a very nice taste, Mr. Verney. You have no reason to be ashamed of it," said the old lady decisively. "Young men, now-a-days, are so given up to horses and field-games, and so little addicted to anything refined, that I'm quite glad when I discover any nice taste or accomplishment among them. You must have read a great deal, Mr. Verney, to be able to tell us all the curious things you did about this old place and others."

"Perhaps I'm only making a great effort—a show of learning on an extraordinary occasion. You must see how my stock lasts to-day. You are looking into that old park, Miss Fanshawe," said Cleve, slyly crossing to her side. "We call it the Warren; but it was once the Priory Park. There is a very curious old grant from the Prior of Penruthyn, which my uncle has at Ware, of a right to pasture a certain number of cows in the park, on condition of aiding the Verderour in keeping up the green underwood. There is a good deal of holly still there, and some relics of the old timber, but not much. There is not shelter for deer now. But you never saw anything like the quantity of rabbits; and there are really, here and there, some very picturesque fragments of old forest—capital studies of huge oak trees in the last stage of venerable decay and decrepitude, and very well worthy of a place in your sketch-book."

"I dare say; I should only fear my book is hardly worthy of them," said Miss Fanshawe.

"I forgot to show you this when you were here before." He stopped short, brushing aside the weeds with his walking-cane. "Here are the bases of the piers of the old park gate."

The little party stopped, and looked as people do on such old-world relics. But

there was more than the conventional interest; or rather something quite different; something at once sullen and pensive in the beautiful face of the girl. She stood a little apart, looking down on that old masonry. "What is she thinking of?" he speculated; "is she sad, or is she offended? is it pride, or melancholy, or anger? or is it only the poetry of these dreamy old places that inspires her reverie? I don't think she has listened to one word I said about it. She seemed as much a stranger as the first day I met her here;" and his heart swelled with a bitter yearning, as he glanced at her without seeming to do so. And just then, with the same sad face, she stooped and plucked two pretty wild flowers that grew by the stones, under the old wall. It seemed to him like the action of a person walking in a dream—half unconscious of what she was doing, quite unconscious of every one near her.

"What shall we do?" said Cleve, so soon as they had reached the enclosure of the buildings. "Shall we begin at the refectory and library, or return to the chapel, which we had not quite looked over when you were obliged to go, on your last visit?"

This question his eyes directed to Miss Fanshawe; but as she did not so receive it, Miss Sheekleton took on herself to answer for the party. So into the chapel they went—into shadow and seclusion. Once more among the short rude columns, the epitaphs, and round arches, in dim light, and he shut the heavy door with a clap that boomed through its lonely aisles, and rejoiced in his soul at having secured if it were only ten minutes' quiet and seclusion again with the ladies of Malory. It seemed like a dream.

"I quite forgot, Miss Fanshawe," said he, artfully compelling her attention, "to show you a really curious, and even mysterious tablet, which is very old, and about which are ever so many stories and conjectures."

He conveyed them to a recess between two windows, where in the shade is a very odd mural tablet.

"It is elaborately carved, and is dated, you see, 1411. If you look near you will see that the original epitaph has been chipped off near the middle, and the word '*Eheu*,' which is Latin for '*alas*!' cut deeply into the stone."

"What a hideous skull!" exclaimed the young lady, looking at the strange carving of that emblem, which projected at the summit of the tablet.

"Yes, what a diabolical expressoin! Isn't it?" said Cleve.

"Are not those *tears*?" continued Miss Fanshawe, curiously.

"No, look more nearly and you will see. They are worms — great worms — crawling from the eyes, and knotting themselves, as you see," answered Cleve.

"Yes," said the lady, with a slight shudder, "and what a wicked grin the artist has given to the mouth. It is wonderfully powerful! what rage and misery! It is an awful image! Is that a tongue?"

"A tongue of fire. It represents a flame issuing from between the teeth; and on the scroll beneath, which looks, you see, like parchment shrivelled by fire, are the words in Latin, 'Where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched;' and here is the epitaph — 'Hic sunt ruinae, forma letifera, cor mortuum, lingua demonis, digitus proditor, nunc gehennae favilla, Plorate. Plaudite.' It is Latin, and the meaning is, 'Here are ruins, fatal beauty, a dead heart, the slimy tongue of the demon, a traitor finger, now ashes of Gehenna. Lament. Applaud.' Some people say it is the tomb of the wicked Lady Mandeville, from whom we have the honour of being descended, who with her traitor finger indicated the place where her husband was concealed; and afterwards was herself put to death, they say, though I never knew any evidence of it, by her own son. All this happened in the Castle of Cardyllian, which accounts for her being buried in the comparative seclusion of the Priory, and yet so near Cardyllian. But antiquarians say the real date of that lady's misdoings was nearly a century later; and so the matter rests an enigma, probably to the day of doom."

"It is a very good horror. What a pity we shall never know those sentences that have been cut away," said Miss Fanshawe.

"That skull is worth sketching; won't you try it?" said Cleve.

"No, not for the world. I shall find it only too hard to forget it, and I don't mean to look at it again. Some countenances seize one with a tenacity and vividness quite terrible."

"Very true," said Cleve, turning away with her. "We are not rich in wonders here, but the old church chest is worth seeing, it is curiously carved."

He led them towards a niche in which it is placed near the communion rails. But said Miss Sheekleton —

"I'm a little tired, Margaret; you will look at it, dear; and Mr. Verney will excuse me. We have been hoeing all the morning, and I shall rest here for a few minutes." And she sat down on the bench.

Miss Margaret Fanshawe looked at her a little vexed, Cleve thought; and the young lady said —

"Haden't you better come? It's only a step, and Mr. Verney says it is really curious."

"I'm a positive old woman," said Cousin Anne, "as you know, and really a little tired; and you take such an interest in old carving in wood — a thing I don't at all understand, Mr. Verney; she has a book quite full of really beautiful drawings, some taken at Brussels, and some at Antwerp. Go, dear, and see it, and I shall be rested by the time you come back."

So spoke good-natured Miss Sheekleton, depriving Margaret of every evasion; and she accordingly followed Cleve Verney as serenely as she might have followed the verger.

"Here it is," said Cleve, pausing before the recess in which this antique kist is placed. He glanced towards Miss Sheekleton. She was a good way off — out of hearing if people spoke low; and besides, busy making a pencilled note in a little book which she had brought to light. Thoughtful old soul!

"And about the way in which faces rivet the imagination and haunt the memory, I've never experienced it but once," said Cleve, in a very low tone.

"Oh! it has happened to me often, very often. From pictures, I think, always; evil expressions of countenance that are ambiguous and hard to explain, always something demoniacal, I think," said the young lady.

"There is nothing of the demon — never was, never could be — in the phantom that haunts me," said Cleve. "It is, on the contrary — I don't say angelic. Angels are very good, but not interesting. It is like an image called up by an enchanter — a wild, wonderful spirit of beauty and mystery. In darkness or light I always see it. You like to escape from yours. I would not lose mine for worlds; it is my good genius, my inspiration; and whenever that image melts into air, and I see it no more, the last good principle of my life will have perished."

The young lady laughed in a silvery little cadence that had a sadness in it, and said —

"Your superstitions are much prettier than mine. My good Cousin Anne, there, talks of blue devils, and my familiars are, I think, of that vulgar troop; while yours are all *couleur de rose*, and so elegantly got up, and so perfectly presentable and well bred, that I really think I should grow quite tired of the best of them in a five minutes' *tête-à-tête*."

"I must have described my apparition very badly," said Cleve. "That which is lovely beyond all mortal parallel can be described only by its effects upon your fancy and emotions, and in proportion as these are intense, I believe they are incommunicable."

"You are growing quite too metaphysical for me," said Miss Margaret Fanshawe. "I respect metaphysics; but I never could understand them."

"It is quite true" laughed Cleve. *I was* so. I hate metaphysics myself; and they have nothing to do with this, they are so dry and detestable. But, now, as a physician — as an exorcist — tell me, I entreat, in my sad case, haunted by a beautiful phantom of despair, which I have mistaken for my good angel, how am I to redeem myself from this fatal spell."

A brilliant colour tinged the young lady's cheeks, and her great eyes glanced on him for a moment, he thought, with a haughty and even angry brilliancy.

"I don't profess the arts you mention; but I doubt the reality of your spectre. I think it is an *illusion*, depending on an undue excitement in the organ of self-esteem, quite to be dispelled by restoring the healthy action of those other organs — of common sense. Seriously, I'm not competent to advise gentlemen, young or old, in their difficulties, real or fancied; but I certainly would say to any one who had set before him an object of ambition, the attainment of which he thought would be injurious to him, — be manly, have done with it, let it go, give it to the winds. Besides, you know that half the objects which young men place before them, the ambitions which they cherish, are the merest castles in the air, and that all but themselves can see the ridicule of their aspirations."

"You must not go, Miss Fanshawe; you have not seen the carving you came here to look at. Here is the old church chest; but — but suppose the *patient* — let us call him — knows that the object of his — his *ambition* is on all accounts the best and noblest he could possibly have set before him. What then?"

"What then!" echoed Miss Fanshawe. "How can any one possibly tell — but the patient, as you call him, himself — what he should do. Your patient does not interest me; he wearies me. Let us look at this carving."

"Do you think he should despair because there is no present answer to his prayers, and his idol vouchsafes no sign or omen?" persisted Cleve.

"I don't think," she replied with a cold

impatience, "the kind of person you describe is capable of despairing in such a case. I think he would place too high a value upon his merits to question the certainty of their success — don't you?" said the young lady,

"Well, no; I *don't* think so. He is not an unreal person; I know him, and I know that his good opinion of himself is humbled, and that he adores with an entire abandonment of self the being whom he literally worships."

"Very adoring, perhaps, but rather — that's a great dog like a wolf-hound in that panel, and it has got its fangs in that pretty stag's throat," said Miss Fanshawe, breaking into a criticism upon the carving.

"Yes — but you were saying 'Very adoring, but rather' — what?" urged Cleve.

"Rather silly, don't you think? What business have people adoring others of whom they know nothing — who may not even like *them* — who may possibly *dislike* them extremely? I am tired of your good genius — I hope I'm not very rude — and of your friend's folly — tired as *you* must be; and I think we should both give him very much the same advice. I should say to him, pray don't sacrifice yourself; you are much too precious; consider your own value, and above all remember that even should you make up your mind to the humiliation of the altar and the knife, the ceremonial may prove a fruitless mortification, and the opportunity of accomplishing your sacrifice be denied you by your divinity. And I think that's a rather well-rounded period: don't you?"

By this time Miss Margaret Fanshawe had reached her cousin, who stood up smiling.

"I'm ashamed to say I have been actually amusing myself here with my accounts. We have seen, I think, nearly every thing now in this building. I should so like to visit the ruins at the other side of the court-yard."

"I shall be only too happy to be your guide, if you permit me," said Cleve.

And accordingly they left the church, and Cleve shut the door with a strange feeling both of irritation and anxiety.

"Does she dislike me? Or is she engaged? What can her odd speeches mean, if not one or other of these things? She warns me off, and seems positively angry at my approach. She took care that I should quite understand her ironies, and there was no mistaking the reality of her unaccountable resentment."

So it was with a weight at his heart, the like of which he had never experienced before, that Cleve undertook, and I fear in a

rather spiritless way performed, his duty as Cicerone, over the other parts of the building.

Her manner seemed to him changed, chilled, and haughty. Had there come a secret and sudden antipathy, the consequence of a too hasty revelation of feelings which he ought in prudence to have kept to himself for some time longer? And again came with a dreadful pang the thought that her heart was already won—the heart so cold and impenetrable to him—the passionate and docile worshipper of another man—some beast—some fool. But the first love—the only love worth having; and yet, of all loves the most ignorant—the insanest.

Bitter as gall was the outrage to his pride. He would have liked to appear qu'ie indifferent, but he could not. He knew the girl would penetrate his finesse. She practised none herself; he could see and feel a change that galled him—very slight but intolerable. Would it not be a further humiliation to be less frank than she, and to practise an affectation which she despised?

Miss Sheckleton eyed the young people stealthily and curiously now and then, he thought. She suspected perhaps more than there really was, and she was particularly kind and grave at parting, and, he thought, observed him with a sort of romantic compassion which is so pretty in old ladies.

He did touch Miss Fanshawe's hand at parting, and she smiled a cold and transient smile as she gathered her cloaks about her, and looked over the sea, toward the setting sun. In that clear, mellow glory, how wondrously beautiful she looked! He was angry with himself for the sort of adoration which glowed at his heart. What would he not have given to be indifferent, and to make her feel that he was so!

He smiled and waved his farewell to Miss Sheckleton. Miss Fanshawe was now looking toward Malory. The boat was gliding swiftly into distance, and disappeared with the sunset glittering on its sides, round the little headland, and Cleve was left alone.

His eyes dropped to the shingle, and broken shells, and seaweed, that shone beneath his feet, in that level stream of amber light. He thought of going away, thought what a fool he had been, thought of futurity and fate, with a sigh, and renounced the girl, washed out the portrait before which he had worshipped for so long, with the hand of defiance—the water of Lethe. Vain, vain; in sympathetic dyes, the shadow stained upon the brain, still fills his retina, glides before him in light and shadow, and will not be divorced.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CLEVE AGAIN BEFORE HIS IDOL.

CLEVE could not rest—he could not return to Ware. He would hear his fate defined by her who had grown so inexpressibly dear by being unattainable! Intolerant of impediment or delay, this impetuous spirit would end all, and know all that very night.

The night had come—one that might have come in June. The moon was up—the air so sweetly soft—the blue of heaven so deep and liquid.

His yacht lay on the deep quiet shadow, under the pier of Cardyllian. He walked over the moon-lighted green, which was now quite deserted. The early town had already had its tea and “pikelets.” Alone—if lovers ever *are* alone—he walked along the shore, and heard the gentle sea ripple rush and sigh along the stones. He ascended the steep path that mounts the sea-beaten heights, overlooking Cardyllian on one side, and Malory on the other.

Before him lay the landscape on which he had gazed as the sun went down that evening, when the reflected light from the gold and crimson sky fell softly round. And now, how changed everything! The moon's broad disk over the headland was silvering the objects dimly. The ivied castle at his left looked black against the sky. The ruins how empty now! How beautiful every thing, and he how prodigious a fool! No matter. We have time enough to be wise. Away, to-morrow, or, at latest, next day; and in due course would arrive the season—that tiresome House of Commons—and the routine of pleasure, grown on a sudden so insupportably dull.

So he had his walk in the moonlight toward Malory—the softest moonlight that ever fell from heaven—the air so still and sweet: it seemed an enchanted land. Down the hill toward Malory he sauntered, looking sometimes moonward, sometimes on the dark woods, and feeling as five weeks since he could not have believed himself capable of feeling, and so he arrived at the very gate of Malory.

Here stood two ladies, talking low their desultory comments on the beautiful scene, as they looked across the water toward the headland of Pendillion. And these two ladies were the same from whom he had parted so few hours since. It was still very early everywhere except at Cardyllian, and these precincts of Malory, so entirely de-

sented at these hours that there seemed as little chance of interruption at the gate, as if they had stood in the drawing-room windows.

Cleve was under too intense and impetuous an excitement to hesitate. He approached the iron gate where, as at a convent grille, the old and the young recluse stood. The moonlight was of that intense and brilliant kind which defines objects clearly as daylight. The ladies looked both surprised; even Miss Anne Sheekleton looked grave.

"How very fortunate!" said Cleve, raising his hat, and drawing near. Just then he did not care whether Sir Booth should chance to see him there or not, and it was not the turn of his mind to think, in the first place, of consequences to other people.

Happily, perhaps, for the quiet of Malory, one of Sir Booth's caprices had dispensed that night with his boat, and he was at that moment stretched in his long silk dressing-gown and slippers, on the sofa, in what he called his study. After the first instinctive alarm, therefore, Miss Anne Sheekleton had quite recovered her accustomed serenity and cheer of mind, and even interrupted him before he had well got to the end of his salutation to exclaim —

"Did you ever, anywhere, see such moonlight? It almost dazzles me."

"Quite splendid; and Malory looks so picturesque in this light." He was leaning on the pretty old gate, at which stood both ladies, sufficiently far apart to enable him, in a low tone, to say to the younger, without being overheard — "So interesting in every light, now! I wonder your men don't suspect me of being a poacher, or something else very bad, I find myself prowling about here so often, at this hour, and even later."

"I admire that great headland — Pendilion, isn't it? — so very much; by this light one might fancy it white with snow," said Miss Sheekleton.

"I wish you could see Cardrwydd Island now; the gray cliffs in this light are so white and transparent, you can hardly imagine so strange and beautiful an effect," said Cleve.

"I dare say," said Miss Sheekleton.

"You have only to walk about twenty steps across that little road towards the sea, and you have it full in view. Do let me persuade you," said Cleve.

"Well, I don't mind," said Miss Sheekleton. "Come, Margaret, dear," and these latter words she repeated in private exhor-

tation, and then aloud she added — "We have grown so much into the habit of shutting ourselves up in our convent grounds, that we feel like a pair of runaway nuns whenever we pass the walls; however, I must see the island."

The twenty steps toward the sea came to be a hundred or more, and at last brought them close under the rude rocks that form the little pier; in that place, the party stopped, and saw the island, rising in the distant sheen, white and filmy; a phantom island, with now and then a gleam of silvery spray, from the swell which was unfelt within the estuary, shooting suddenly across its points of shadow.

"Oh! how beautiful!" exclaimed Miss Fanshawe, and Cleve felt strangely elated in her applause. They were all silent, and Miss Sheekleton, still gazing on the distant cliffs, walked on a little, and a little more, and paused.

"How beautiful!" echoed Cleve, in tones as low, but very different. "Yes, how beautiful — how fatally beautiful; how beloved, and yet how cold. Cold, mysterious, wild as the sea; beautiful, adored and cruel. How could you speak as you did to-day? What have I done, or said, or thought, if you could read my thoughts? I tell you, ever since I saw you in Cardyllian church I've thought only of you; you haunt my steps; you inspire my hopes; I adore you, Margaret."

She was looking on him with parted lips, and something like fear in her large eyes, and how beautiful her features were in the brilliant moonlight.

"Yes, I adore you; I don't know what fate or fiend rules these things; but to-day it seemed to me that you hated me, and yet I adore you; do you hate me?"

"How wildly you talk; you can't love me; you don't know me," said this odd girl.

"I don't know you, and yet I love you; you don't know me, and yet I think you hate me. You talk of love as if it were a creation of reason and calculation. You don't know it, or you could not speak so; antipathies perhaps you do experience; is there no caprice in them; I love you in defiance of calculation, and of reason, and of hope itself. I can no more help loving you than the light and air without which I should die. You're not going; you're not so cruel; it may be the last time you shall ever hear me speak. You won't believe me; no, not a word I say, although it's all as true as that this light shines from heaven. You'd

believe one of your boatmen relating any nonsense he pleases about people and places here. You'll believe worse fellows, I dare say, speaking of higher and dearer things, *perhaps* — I can't tell; but *me*, on *this* upon which I tell you, *all* depends for me, you won't believe. I never loved any mortal before. I did not know what it was, and now here I stand, telling you my bitter story, telling it to the sea, and the rocks, and the air, with as good a chance of a hearing. I read it in your manner and your words to-day. I felt it intuitively; you don't care for me; you can't like me; I see it in your looks. And now, will you tell me — for God's sake, Margaret, do tell me — is there not some one — some one you *do* like? I know there is."

"That's *quite* untrue — I mean there is *nothing* of the kind," said this young lady, looking very pale, with great flashing eyes, "and one word more of this kind to-night you are not to say to me. Cousin Anne," she called, "come, I'm going back."

"We are so much obliged to you, Mr. Verney," said Miss Sheckleton, returning; we should never have thought of coming down here, to look for this charming view; come, Margaret, darling, your papa may want me."

An inquisitive glance she darted furtively at the young people, and I dare say she thought that she saw something unusual in their countenances.

As *they* did not speak, Miss Sheckleton chatted on unheeded, till, on a sudden, Cleve interposed with —

"There's an old person — an old lady, I may call her — named Rebecca Mervyn, who lives in the steward's house, adjoining Malory, for whom I have a very old friendship; she was so kind to me, poor thing, when I was a boy. My grandmother has a very high opinion of her; and *she* was never very easily pleased. I suppose you have seen Mrs. Mervyn; you'd not easily forget her, if you have. They tell me in the town that she is quite well; the same odd creature she always was, and living still in the steward's house."

"I know — to be sure — I've seen her very often — that is, half-a-dozen times or more — and she is a very odd old woman, like that benevolent enchantress in the 'Magic Ring' — don't you remember? who lived in the castle with white lilies growing all round the battlements," answered Miss Sheckleton.

"I know," said Cleve, who had never read it.

"And if you want to see her, *here* she is,

oddly enough," whispered Miss Sheckleton, as the old woman with whom Sedley had conferred on the sea-beach came round the corner of the boundary wall near the gateway by which they were now standing, in her grey cloak, with dejected steps, and looking, after her wont, seaward toward Pendillion.

"No," said Cleve, getting up a smile as he drew a little back into the shadow; "I'll not speak to her now; I should have so many questions to answer, I should not get away from her for an hour."

Almost as he spoke the old woman passed them, and entered the gate; as she did so, looking hard on the little party, and hesitating for a moment, as if she would have stopped outright. But she went on without any further sign.

"I breathe again," said Cleve; "I was so afraid she would know me again, and insist on a talk."

"Well, perhaps it is better she did not; it might not do, you know, if she mentioned your name, for *reasons*," whispered Miss Sheckleton, who was on a sudden much more intimate with Cleve, much more friendly, much more kind, and somehow pitying.

So he bade good-night. Miss Sheckleton gave him a little friendly pressure as they shook hands at parting. Miss Fanshawe neither gave nor refused her hand. He took it; he held it for a moment — that slender hand, all the world to him, clasped in his own, yet never to be his, lodged like a stranger's for a moment there — then to go, for ever. The hand was carelessly drawn away; he let it go, and never a word spoke he.

The ladies entered the deep shadow of the trees. He listened to the light steps fainting into silent distance, till he could hear them no more.

Suspense — still suspense.

Those words spoken in her clear undertone — terrible words, that seemed at the moment to thunder in his ears, "loud as a trumpet with a silver sound" — were they, after all, words of despair, or words of hope?

"*One word more of this kind, to-night, you are not to say to me.*"

How was he to translate the word "to-night" in this awful text? It seemed, as she spoke it, introduced simply to add peremptoriness to her forbiddance. But was that its fair meaning? Did it not imply that the prohibition was limited only to that night? Might it not mean that he was free to speak more — possibly to hear more — at a future time?

A riddle? Well! he would read it in the way most favourable to his hopes; and who would blame him? He would have no oracles — no ambiguities — nothing but sharply defined certainty.

With an insolent spirit, instinct with an impatience and impetuosity utterly intolerant of the least delay or obstruction, the interval could not be long.

CHAPTER XIX.

CLEVE VERNEY TAKES A BOLD STEP.

WHEN we seek danger he is sometimes — like death — hard to find. Cleve would not have disliked an encounter with Sir Booth Fanshawe; who could tell what might come of such a meeting? It was palpably so much the interest of that ruined gentleman to promote his wishes, that, if he would only command his temper and listen to reason, he had little doubt of enlisting him zealously in his favour. It was his own uncle who always appeared to him the really formidable obstacle.

Therefore, next night, Cleve fearlessly walked down to Malory. It was seven o'clock, and dark. It was a still, soft night. The moon not up yet, and all within the gate, dark as Erebus — silent, also, except for the fall of a dry leaf now and then, rustling sadly through the boughs.

At the gate for a moment he hesitated, and then with a sudden decision, pushed it open, entered, and the darkness received him. A little confused were his thoughts and feelings as he strode through that darkness and silence toward the old house. So dark it was, that to direct his steps, he had to look up for a streak of sky between the nearly meeting branches of the trees.

This trespass was not a premeditated outrage. It was a sudden inspiration of despair. He had thought of writing to Sir Booth. But to what mischief might not that fierce and impracticable old man apply his overt act? Suppose he were to send his letter on to the Hon. Kiffyn Fulke Verney? In that case Mr. Cleve Verney might moralize with an income of precisely two hundred a year, for the rest of his days, upon the transitory nature of all human greatness. At the next election he would say a compulsory farewell to the House. He owed too much money to remain pleasantly in England, his incensed uncle would be quite certain to marry, and with Cleve Verney — ex-M.P., and quondam man of promise, and presumptive Earl of Verney — *conclamatum foret*.

He had therefore come to the gate of Malory in the hope of some such happy chance as befel the night before. And now disappointed, he broke through all considerations, and was walking, in a sort of desperation, right into the lion's mouth.

He slackened his pace, however, and he thought him. Of course, he could not ask at this hour to see Miss Anne Sheckleton. Should he go and pay a visit to old Rebecca Mervyn? Hour and circumstances considered, would not that, also, be a liberty and an outrage? What would they think of it? What would *he* say of it in another fellow's case? Was he then going at this hour to pay his respects to Sir Booth Fanshawe, whom he had last seen and heard in the thunder and dust of the hustings, hurling language and grammar that were awful, at his head.

Cleve Verney was glad that he had pulled up before he stood upon the door steps; and he felt like an awakened somnambulist.

"I can't do this. It's impossible. What a brute I am growing," thought Cleve, awaking to realities. "There's nothing for it, I believe, but patience. If I were now to press for an answer, she would say 'No;' and, were I to ask admission at the house at this hour, what would she — what would Miss Sheckleton, even, think of me? If I had nerve to go away and forget her, I should be happier — quite happy and quite good-for-nothing, and perfectly at my uncle's disposal. As it is, I'm miserable — a miserable fool. Everything against it — even the girl, I believe; and I here — partly in a vision of paradise, partly in the torments of the damned, wasting my life in the dream of an opium-eater, and without power to break from it, and see the world as it is."

He was leaning with folded arms, like the melancholy Jaques, against the trunk of a forest tree, as this sad soliloquy glided through his mind, and he heard a measured step approaching slowly from the house.

"This is Sir Booth coming," thought he, with a strange, sardonic gladness. "We shall see what will come of it. Let us hear the old gentleman, by all means."

The step was still distant.

It would have been easy for him to retrace his steps and to avoid the encounter. But it seemed to him that to stir would have been like moving a mountain, and a sort of cold defiance kept him there, and an unspeakable interest in the story which he was enacting, and a longing to turn over the leaf, and read the next decisive page. So he waited.

His conjecture was right, but the anticipated dialogue did not occur. The tall figure of Sir Booth appeared; some wrappers thrown across his arm. He stalked on and passed by Cleve, without observing, or rather, seeing him; for his eye had not grown like Cleve's, accustomed to the darkness.

Cleve stood where he was till the step was lost in silence, and waited for some time longer, and heard Sir Booth's voice, as he supposed, hailing the boatmen from that solitary shore, and theirs replying, and he thought of the ghostly boat and boatmen that used to scare him in the "Tale of Wonder" beloved in his boyhood. For anything that remains to him in life, for any retrospect but one of remorse, he might as well be one of those phantom boatmen on the haunted lake. By this time he is gliding, in the silence of his secret thoughts, upon the dark sea outside Malory.

"Well!" thought Cleve, with a sudden inspiration, "he will not return for two hours at least. I will go on — no great harm in merely passing the house — and we shall see whether anything turns up."

On went Cleve. The approach to the old house is not a very long one. On a sudden, through the boughs, the sight of lighted windows met his eyes, and through the open sash of one of them, he heard faintly the pleasant sound of female prattle.

He drew nearer. He stood upon the esplanade before the steps, under the well-known gray front of the old house. A shadow crossed the window, and he heard Miss Anne Sheekleton's merry voice speaking volubly, and then a little silence, of which he availed himself to walk with as distinct a tread as he could manage, at a little distance, in front of the windows, in the hope of exciting the attention of the inmates. He succeeded; for almost at the instant two shadowy ladies, the lights being within the room, and hardly any from without, appeared at the open window; Miss Sheekleton was in front, and Miss Fanshawe with her hand leaning upon her old cousin's shoulder, looked out also.

Cleve stopped instantly, and approached, raising his hat. This young gentleman was also a mere dark outline, and much less distinct than those he recognised against the cheery light of the drawing-room candles. But I don't think there was a moment's doubt about his identity.

"Here I am, actually detected, trying to glide by unperceived," said Cleve, lying, as *Mr. Fag* says in the play, and coming up quickly to the open window. "You must

think me quite mad, or the most impudent person alive; but what am I to do? I can't leave Ware, without paying old Rebecca — Mrs. Mervyn, you know — a visit. Lady Verney blows me up so awfully about it, and has put it on me as a duty. She thinks there's no one like old Rebecca; and really poor old Mervyn was always very kind to me when I was a boy. She lives, you, know, in the steward's house. I can't come up here in daylight. I'm in such a dilemma. I must wait till Sir Booth has gone out in his boat, don't you see? and so I did; and if I had just got round the corner there, without your observing me, I should have been all right. I'm really quite ashamed. I must look so like a trespasser — a poacher — everything that is suspicious; but the case, you see, is really so difficult. I've told you everything, and I do hope you quite acquit me."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Sheekleton. "We must, you know. It's like a piece of a Spanish comedy; but what's to be done? You must have been very near meeting. Booth has only just gone down to the boat."

"We did meet — that is, he actually passed me by, but without seeing me. I heard him coming, and just stood, taking my chance; it was very dark you know."

"Well, I forgive you," said Miss Sheekleton. "I must, you know; but the dogs won't. You hear them in the yard. What good dear creatures they are; and when they hear us talking to you, they'll grow quite quiet, and understand that all is well, they are so intelligent. And there's the boat; look, Margaret, through *that* opening, you can just see it. When the moon gets up, it looks so pretty. I suppose it's my bad taste, but those clumsy fishing boats seem to me so much more picturesque than your natty yachts, though, of course, they are very nice in their way. Do you hear how *furiously* you have made our great dog, poor old Neptune! He looks upon us, Margaret and I, as in his special charge; but it does not do, making such an uproar."

I fancy she was thinking of Sir Booth, for she glanced toward the boat; and perhaps the kind old lady was thinking of somebody else, also.

"I'll just run to the back window, and quiet him. I shan't be away a moment, Margaret, dear."

And away went Miss Sheekleton, shutting the door. Miss Fanshawe had not said a word, but remained at the window looking out. You might have thought his being there, or not, a matter of entire indifference

to her. She had not said a word. She looked toward the point at which the rising splendour of the moon was already visible over the distant hills.

"Did you miss anything—I'm sure you did—yesterday? I found a pin at the jetty of Penruthyn. It is so pretty, I've been ever so much tempted to keep it; so very pretty, that somehow, I think it could not have belonged to any one but to you."

And he took the trinket from his waistcoat pocket.

"Oh! I'm so glad," said she; "I thought I had seen it this morning, and could not think what had become of it. I never missed it till this evening."

He touched the fingers she extended to receive it. He took them in his hand, and held them with a gentle force.

"For one moment allow me to hold your hand; don't take it from me yet. I *implore*, only while I say a few words, which you may make, almost by a look, a farewell—my eternal farewell. Margaret, I love you as no other man ever will love you. You think all this but the madness that young men talk. I know nothing of them. What I say is desperately true, no madness, but sad and irreparable reality. I never knew love but for you—and for you it is such idolatry as I think the world never imagined. You are never for one moment from my thoughts. Every good hope or thought I have, I owe to you. You are the good principle of my life, and if I lose you, I am lost myself."

This strange girl was not a conventional young lady. I don't pronounce whether she was better or worse for that. She did not drop her eyes, nor yet withdraw her hand. She left that priceless pledge in his, it seemed, unconsciously, and with eyes of melancholy and earnest inquiry, looked on the handsome young man that was pleading with her.

"It is strange," she said in a dreamy tone, as if talking with herself. "I said it was strange, for he does not, and cannot know me."

"Yes," he answered, "I do know you—intuitively I know you. We have all faith in the beautiful. We cannot separate the beautiful and the good; they come both direct from God, they resemble him; and I know your power—you can make of me what you will. Oh, Margaret, will you shut me out for ever from the only chance of good I shall ever know? Can you ever, ever like me?"

There was a little silence, and she said, very low, "If I were to like you, would you

love me better than any thing else in all the world?"

"Than all the world—than all the world," he reiterated, and she felt the hand of this young man of fashion, of ambition, who had years ago learned to sneer at all romance, quiver as it held her own.

"But first, if I were to allow any one to like me, I would say to him you must know what you undertake. You must love me with your entire heart; heart and soul, you must give yourself altogether up to me. I must be everything to you—your present, your future, your happiness, your hope; for I will not bear to share your heart with any thing on earth! and these are hard terms, but the only ones."

"I need make no vow, darling—*darling*. My life is what you describe, and I cannot help it; I adore you. Oh! Margaret, *can* you like me?"

Then Margaret Fanshawe answered, and in a tone the most sad, I think, that ever spoke; and to *him*, the sweetest and most solemn; like distant music in the night, funereal and plaintive, the cadences fell upon his entranced ear.

"If I were to say I could like you enough to *wait*, and *try* if I could like you more, it always seemed to me so awful a thing—try if I could like you more—would not the terms seem to you too hard?"

"Oh! Margaret, darling, say you *can* like me *now*. You know how I adore you," he implored.

"Here, then, is the truth. I do not like you well enough to say all that; no, I do *not*, but I like you too well to say *go*. I don't know how it *may* be, but if you choose to wait, and give me a very little time to resolve, I shall see clearly, and all uncertainty come to an end, *somehow*, and God guide us all to good! That is the whole truth, Mr. Verney; and pray say no more at present. You shall not wait long for my answer."

"I agree, darling. I accept your terms. You don't know what delay is to me; but any thing rather than despair."

She drew her hand to herself. He released it. It was past all foolish by-play with him, and the weight of a strange fear lay upon his heart.

This little scene took longer in speaking and acting than it does in reading in this poor note of mine. When they looked up, the moon was silvering the tops of the trees, and the distant edges of the Welsh mountains, and glimmering and flashing to and fro, like strings of diamonds, on the water.

And now Miss Anne Sheckleton entered, having talked old Neptune into good humour.

"Is there a chance of your visiting Penruthyn again?" asked Cleve, as if nothing unusual had passed. "You have not seen the old park. *Pray*, come to-morrow."

Miss Sheckleton looked at the young lady, but she made no sign.

"*Shall we?* I see nothing against it," said she.

"Oh! *do*. I entreat," he persisted.

"Well, if it should be fine, and if nothing prevents, I think, I may say, we *will*, about three o'clock to-morrow."

Margaret did not speak; but was there not something sad and even gentle in her parting? The old enigma was still troubling his brain and heart, as he walked down the dark avenue once more. How would it all end? How would she at last pronounce?

The walk, next day, was taken in the Warren, as he had proposed. I believe it was a charming excursion; as happy, too, as under the bitter conditions of suspense, it could be; but nothing worthy of record was spoken, and matters, I dare say remained, ostensibly at least, precisely as they were.

CHAPTER XX.

HIS FATE.

CLEVE VERNEY, as we know, was a young gentleman in whose character were oddly mingled impetuosity and caution. A certain diplomatic reserve and slyness had often stood him in stead in the small strategy of life, and here, how skilfully had he not managed his visits to Penruthyn, and hid from the peering eyes of Cardyllian his walks and loiterings about the enchanted woods of Malory.

Visiting good Mrs. Jones's shop next day, to ask her how she did, and gossip a little across the counter, that lady peering over her spectacles, received him with a particularly sly smile, which, being prone to alarms just then, he noted and did not like.

Confidential and voluble as usual, was this lady, bringing her black lace cap and purple ribbons close to the brim of Mr. Verney's hat, as she leaned over the counter, and murmured her emphatic intelligence and surmises deliberately in his ear. She came at last to say —

"You must be very solitary, we all think, over there, at Ware, sir; and though

you have your yacht to sail across in, and your dog-cart to trot along, and doesn't much mind, still it is not *convenient*, you know, for one that likes *this* side so much better than the other. We think, and *wonders*, we all do, you wouldn't stay awhile at the Verney Arms, over the way, and remain among us, you know, and be near every thing you might like; the other side, you know, is very dull; we can't deny that, though it's quite true that Ware is a very fine place — a really *beautiful* place — but it is lonely, we must allow; *mustn't* we?"

"Awfully lonely," acquiesced Cleve, "but I don't quite see why I should live at the Verney Arms, notwithstanding."

"Well, they do say — you *mustn't* be angry with them, you know — but they do, that you like a walk to Malory," and this was accompanied with a wonderfully cunning look, and a curious play of the crow's-feet and wrinkles of her fat face, and a sly, gentle laugh. But I don't mind."

"Don't mind *what*?" asked Cleve a little sharply.

"Well, I don't mind what they *say*, but they *do* say you have made acquaintance with the Malory family — no harm in that, you know."

"No harm in the world, only a lie," said Cleve, with a laugh that was not quite enjoying. "I wish they would manage that introduction for me; I should like it extremely. I think the young lady rather pretty — don't you? and I should not object to pay my respects, if you think it would not be odd. My Cardyllian friends know so much better than I what is the right thing to do. That fact is, I don't know one of our own tenants there, except for taking off my hat twice to the only sane one of the party, that old Miss Anne — Anne — *something* — you told me" —

"*Sheckleton* that will be," supplemented Mrs. Jones.

"Sheckleton. Very well; and my real difficulty is this — and upon my honour, I don't know how to manage it. My grandmother, Lady Verney, puts me under orders — and you know she does not like to be disobeyed — to go and see poor old Rebecca, Mrs. Mervyn, you know, at the steward's house, at Malory; and I am looking for a moment when these people are out of the way, just to run in for five minutes, and ask her how she does. And my friend, Wynne Williams, won't let me tell Lady Verney how odd these people are, he's so afraid of her hearing the rumour of their being mad. But the fact is, whenever I go up there and peep in through the trees, I see some of

them about the front of the house, and I can't go up to the door, of course, without annoying them, for they wish to be quite shut up; and the end of it is, I say, that, among them, I shall get blown up by Lady Verney, and shan't know what to answer — by Jove! But you may tell my friends in Cardyllian, I am so much obliged to them for giving me credit for more cleverness than *they* have had in effecting an introduction; and talking of me about that pretty girl, Miss — oh! — *wha's* her name? — at Malory. I only hope she's not mad; for if she is I must be also."

Mrs. Jones listened, and looked at him more gravely, for his story hung pretty well together, and something of its cunning died out of the expression of her broad face. But Cleve walked away a little disconcerted, and by no means in a pleasant temper with his good neighbours of Cardyllian; and made that day a long visit at Hazelden, taking care to make his approaches as ostentatiously as he could. And he was seen for an hour in the evening, walking on the green with the young ladies of that house, Miss Charity flanking the little line of march on one side, and he the other, pretty Miss Agnes, of the golden locks, the pretty dimples, and brilliant tints, walking between, and listening, I'm afraid, more to the unphilosophic prattle of young Mr. Verney than to the sage conversation, and even admonitions and reminders of her kind but unexceptionable sister.

From the news-room windows, from the great bow-window of the billiard-room, this promenade was visible. It was a judicious demonstration, and gave a new twist to conjecture; and listless gentlemen who chronicled and discussed such matters observed upon it, each according to his modicum of eloquence and wisdom.

Old Vane Etherage, whose temperament, though squally, was placable, was won by the frank courtesy, and adroit flatteries of the artless young fellow who had canvassed boroughs and counties, and was master of a psychology of which honest old Etherage knew nothing.

That night, notwithstanding, Cleve was at the gate of Malory, and the two ladies were there.

"We have been looking at the boat ten minutes, just, since it left. Sir Booth is out as usual, and now see how far away; you can scarcely see the sail, and yet so little breeze."

"The breeze is rather from the shore, and you are sheltered here, all this old wood, you know. But you can hear it a

little in the tops of the trees," Cleve answered, caring very little what way the breeze might blow, and yet glad to know that Sir Booth was on his cruise, and quite out of the way for more than an hour to come.

"We intended venturing out as far as the pier, there to enjoy once more that beautiful moonlight view; but Sir Booth went out to-night by the little door down there, and this has been left with its padlock on. So we must only treat this little recess as the convent parlour, with the grating here, at which we parley with our friends. Do you hear that foolish old dog again? I really believe he has got out of the yard," suddenly exclaimed good-natured Miss Anne, who made the irregularities of old Neptune an excuse for trifling absences, very precious to Cleve Verney.

So now, she walked some ten or twenty steps toward the house, and stood there looking up the avenue, and prattling incessantly, though Cleve could not hear a word she said, except now and then the name of "Neptune," when she ineffectually accosted that remote offender.

"You have not said a word, Miss Fanshawe, you are not offended with me, I hope," he murmured.

"Oh, no."

"You have not shaken hands," he continued, and he put his hand between the bars, "won't you?"

So she placed hers in his.

"And now, can you tell me nothing?"

"I've been thinking that I may as well speak now," she said, in very low tones. "There must be uncertainty, I believe, in all things, and faith in those who love us, and trust that all may end in good; and so, *blindly* — *almost* *blindly* — I say, yes, if you will promise me — oh! *promise*, that you will always love me, as you do now, and never change. If you love me, I shall love you, *always*; and if you change, I shall die. Oh! won't you promise?"

Poor fluttering heart! The bird that prunes its wing for the untried flight over the sea, in which to tire is to die, lonely, in the cold waste, may feel within its little breast the instinct of that irrevocable venture, the irresistible impulse, the far-off hope, the present fear and danger, as she did.

Promises! What are they? Who can answer for the follies of the heart, and the mutations of time? We know that we are; we know what we may be. Idlest of all idle words are these promises for the affections, for the raptures and illusions, utterly mor-

tal, whose duration God has placed quite beyond our control. Kill them, indeed, we may, but add one hour to their uncertain lives, never.

Poor trembling heart! "Promise never to change. Oh! won't you promise?" Promises spoken to the air, written in dust — yet a word, a look, like a blessing or a hope — ever so illusive, before the wing is spread, and the long and untried journey begins!

What Cleve Verney swore, and all the music he poured into those little listening ears in that enchanting hour, I know not.

Miss Anne Sheckleton came back. Through the convent bars Cleve took her hand, in a kind of agitation, a kind of tumult, with rapture in his handsome face, and just said, "She has told me she *will*," and Miss Sheckleton said nothing, but put her arms round Margaret's neck, and kissed her many times, and holding her hand, looked up smiling, and took Cleve's also, and in the old spinster's eyes were glittering those diamond tears, so pure and unselfish that, when we see them, we think of those that angels are said to weep over the sorrows and the vanities of human life.

Swiftly flew the hour, and not till the sail was nearing the shore, and the voices of the boatmen were audible across the water, did the good old lady insist on a final farewell, and Cleve glided away, under the shadow of the trees that overhang the road, and disappeared round the distant angle of the wall of Malory.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAPTAIN SHRAPNELL.

THE next afternoon Miss Charity Etherage and her sister Agnes were joined in their accustomed walk upon the green of Cardyllian by Captain Shrapnell, a jaunty half-pay officer of five and fifty, who represented to his own satisfaction the resident youth and fashion of that quiet watering-place.

"I give you my honour, Miss Etherage," said he, placing himself beside Miss Agnes, "I mistook you yesterday for Lady Fanny Mersey. Charming person she is, and, I need not say, perfectly lovely." A little arch bow gave its proper point to the compliment. She has gone, however, I understand, left Lluinan yesterday. Is that young Verney's boat? No, oh! no — nothing like so sharp. He's a very nice fellow, young Verney."

This was put rather interrogatively, and Miss Agnes, thinking that she had blushed a little, blushed more, to her inexpressible chagrin, for she knew that Captain Shrapnell was watching her with the interest of a gossip.

"Nice? I dare say. But I really know him so very slightly," said Miss Agnes.

"Come, come; that won't do," said the captain very archly. "You forget that I was sitting in our club window yesterday evening when a certain party were walking up and down. Ha, ha, you do. We're tolerably clear-sighted up there, and old Rogers keeps our windows rubbed; and the glass is quite brilliantly transparent, ha, ha, ha! hey?"

"I think your windows are made of multiplying glasses, and magnifying glasses, and every kind of glass that distorts and discolours," said Miss Agnes, a little pettishly. "I don't know how else it is that you all see such wonderful sights as you do through them."

"Well they *do*, certainly. Some of our friends do colour a little," said the captain, with a waggish yet friendly grin, up at the great bow window. "But, in this case, you'll allow there was no great opportunity for colour, the tints of nature are so beautiful," and Shrapnell fired off this little saying, with his bow and smile of fascination. "Nor, by Jove, for the multiplying glasses either, for more than three in that party would have quite spoiled it; now *wouldn't* it, hey? ha, ha, ha! The two principals, and a gooseberry, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

"What is a *gooseberry*?" inquired Miss Charity peremptorily.

"A delightful object in the garden, Miss Etherage, a delightful object everywhere. The delight of the young especially, hey, Miss Agnes? ha, ha! hey? and one of the sweetest products of nature. Eh, Miss Agnes, ha, ha, ha! Miss Etherage, I give you my honour every word I say is true."

"I do declare, Captain Shrapnell, it seems to me you have gone *perfectly mad*!" said Miss Charity, who was out-spoken and emphatic.

"Always a mad fellow, Miss Etherage, ha, ha, ha! Very true; that's my character, hey? ha, ha, ha, egad! So the ladies tell me," said the gay young captain. "Wish I'd a guinea for every time they've called me mad among them. I give you my honour I'd be a rich fellow this moment."

"Now, Captain Shrapnell," said Miss Charity, with a frank stare with her honest goggle eyes, "you are talking the greatest *nonsense* I ever heard in my life."

"Miss Agnes, here, does not think so,

hey?" giggled the captain. "Now, come, Miss Agnes, what do you think of young Verney, hey? There's a question."

How Miss Agnes hated the gibing, giggling wretch, and detested the Club of whose prattle and gossip he was the inexhaustible spokesman; and would at that moment have hailed the appearance of a ship-of-war with her broadside directed upon the bow window of that haunt, with just, of course, such notice to her worthy father, whose gray head was visible in it, as was accorded to the righteous Lot—under orders, with shot, shell, rockets, and marlin-spikes, to blow the entire concern into impalpable dust.

It must be allowed that Miss Agnes was unjust; that it would not have been fair to visit upon the harmless, and, on the whole, good-natured persons who congregated in that lively receptacle, and read the *Times* through their spectacles there, the waggeries and exaggerations of the agreeable captain, and to have reached that incorrigible offender, and demolished his stronghold at so great a waste of human life.

"Come, now; I won't let you off, Miss Aggie. I say, *there's* a question. What do you say? Come, now, you really must tell us. What do you think of young Verney?"

"If you wish to know what *I* think," interposed Miss Charity, "I think he's *the very nicest* man I ever spoke to. He's *so* nice about religion. Wasn't he, Aggie?"

Here the captain exploded.

"Religion! egad—do you really mean to tell me—ha, ha, ha! Upon my soul, that's the richest thing!—now, *really*!"

"My goodness! How frightfully wicked you are," exclaimed Miss Charity.

"True bill, egad; upon my soul, I'm afraid—ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, Captain Shrapnell, you *shall* not walk with us, if you swear," said Miss Charity.

"*Swear*! I didn't swear, did I? Very sorry if I did, upon my—I give you my word," said the captain politely.

"Yes, you *did*; and it's *extremely* wicked," said Miss Charity.

"Well, I won't; I swear to you, I won't," vowed the captain a little inconsistently; "but now about Master Cleve Verney, Miss Agnes. I said I would not let you off, and I won't. I give you my honour, you shall say what you think of him, or, by Jove!—I conclude you can't trust yourself on the subject, ha, ha, ha! Hey?"

"You *are* mad, Captain Shrapnell," interposed Miss Charity, with weight.

"I can't say, really, I've formed any par-

ticular opinion. I think he is rather agreeable," answered Miss Agnes, under this pressure.

"Well, so do *I*," acquiesced the captain. "Master Cleve can certainly be agreeable where he chooses, and you think him devilish good-looking—don't you?"

"I really can't say—he has very good features—but"—

"But what? Why every one allows that Verney's as good-looking a fellow as you'll meet with anywhere," persisted the captain.

"I think him *perfectly* beautiful!" said Miss Charity, who never liked people by halves.

"Well—yes—he may be handsome," said Miss Agnes; "I'm no *very* great critic; but I can't conceive any girl falling in love with him."

"Oh! as to *that*—but—*why*?" said Captain Shrapnell.

"His face, I think, is so selfish—somehow," she said.

"Is it now, really?—*how*?" asked the captain.

"I'm *am-azed* at you!" exclaimed Miss Charity.

"Well, there's a selfish hook—no, not a hook, a *curve*—of his nose, and a cruel crook of his shoulder," said Miss Agnes, in search of faults.

"You're determined to hit him by hook or by crook, ha, ha, ha—I say," pursued the captain.

"A *hook*!" exclaimed Miss Charity almost angrily; "there's *no* hook!—I wonder at you—I really think sometimes, Agnes, you are the greatest *fool* I ever met in the whole course of my life!"

"Well, I can't help thinking what I think," said Agnes.

"But you *don't* think *that*—you *know* you don't—you *can't* think it," decided her elder sister.

"No more she does," urged the captain, with his teasing giggle; "she *doesn't* think it; you always know when a girl abuses a man, she *likes* him—she does—by Jove—and I venture to say she thinks Master Cleve one of the very handsomest and most fascinating fellows she ever beheld," said the agreeable captain.

"I really think what I said," replied Agnes, and her pretty face showed a brilliant colour, and her eyes had a handsome fire in them, for she was vexed; "though it is natural to think in a place like this, where all the men are more or less old and ugly, that any young man, even tolerably good-looking, should be thought a wonder."

"Ha, ha, ha! very good," said the captain, plucking out his whisker a little, and twiddling his moustache, and glancing down at his easy waistcoat, and perhaps ever so little put out; but he also saw over his shoulder Cleve crossing the Green towards them from the Jetty, and not perhaps being quite on terms to call him "Master Cleve" to his face, he mentioned a promise to meet young Owen of Henlwyd in the billiard-room for a great game of pyramid, and so took off his hat gracefully to the ladies, and, smirking, and nodding, and switching his cane, swaggered swiftly away toward the point of rendezvous.

So Cleve arrived, and joined the young ladies, and walked beside Agnes, chatting upon all sorts of subjects, and bearing some occasional reproofs and protests from Miss Charity with great submission and gayety, and when Miss Charity caught a glimpse of "the Admiral's" bath-chair, with that used-up officer in it, *en route*, for the Hazelden-road, and already near the bridge, she plucked her watch from her belt, with a slight pallor in her cheek, and "*declared*" she had not an idea how late it was. Cleve Verney accompanied the ladies all the way to Hazelden, and even went in, when bidden, and drank a cup of tea, at their early meal, and obeyed also a summons to visit the "Admiral" in his study.

"Very glad to see you, sir—very happy, Mr. Verney," said Mr. Vane Etherage, with his fez upon his head, and lowering his pipe with the gravity of a Turk. "I wish you would come and dine at three o'clock—the true hour for dinner, sir—I've tried every hour, in my time, from twelve to half-past eight—at three o'clock, sir, some day—any day—to-morrow. The Welsh mutton is the best on earth, and the Hazelden mutton is the best in Wales!" The "Admiral" always looked in the face of the person whom he harangued, with an expression of cool astonishment, which somehow aided the pomp of his delivery. "An unfortunate difference, Mr. Verney—a dispute, sir—has arisen between me and your uncle; but that, Mr. Verney, need not extend to his nephew; no, sir, it need *not*; no need it should. Shall we say to-morrow, Mr. Verney?"

I forget what excuse Mr. Verney made; it was sufficient, however, and he was quite unable to name an immediate day, but lived in hope. So having won golden opinions, he took his leave. And the good people of Cardyllian, who make matches easily, began to give Mr. Cleve Verney to pretty Miss Agnes Etherage.

While this marrying and giving in marriage was going on over many tea-tables, that evening, in Cardyllian, Mr. Cleve Verney, the hero of this new romance, had got ashore a little below Malory, and at nightfall walked down the old road by Llanderris church, and so round the path that skirts the woods of Malory, and down upon the shore that winds before the front of the old house.

As he came full in sight of the shore, on a sudden, within little more than a hundred paces away, he saw, standing solitary upon the shingle, a tall man, with a tweed rug across his arm, awaiting a boat which was slowly approaching in the distance.

In this tall figure he had no difficulty in recognizing Sir Booth Fanshawe, whom he had confronted in other, and very different scenes, and who had passed so near him in the avenue at Malory.

With one of those sudden and irresistible impulses, which, as they fail or succeed, are classed as freaks of madness, or inspirations of genius, he resolved to walk up to Sir Booth, and speak to him upon the subject then so near to his heart.

CHAPTER XXII.

SIR BOOTH SPEAKS.

THE idea, perhaps, that sustained Cleve Verney in this move, was the sudden recurrence of his belief that Sir Booth would so clearly see the advantages of such a connexion as to forget his resentments.

Sir Booth was looking sea-ward, smoking a cigar, and watching the approach of the boat, which was still distant. As Cleve drew near, he saw Sir Booth eye him, he fancied, uneasily; and throwing back his head a little, and withdrawing his cheroot, ever so little from his lips, the baronet demanded grimly—

"Wish to speak to me, sir?"

"Only a word, if you allow me," answered Cleve, approaching.

On ascertaining that he had to deal with a gentleman, Sir Booth was confident once more.

"Well, sir, I hear you," said he.

"You don't recognize me, Sir Booth; and I fear when I introduce myself, you will hardly connect my name with anything pleasant or friendly. I only ask a patient hearing, and I am sure your own sense of fairness will excuse me personally."

"Before you say more, sir, I should like to know for whom you take me, and why;

I don't recollect you — I think — I can't see very well — no one does, in this sort of light; but I rather think I never saw your face before, sir — nor you mine, I dare say — your guesses as to who I am may be anything you please — and quite mistaken — and this is not a usual time, you know, for talking with strangers about business — and, in fact, I've come here for quiet and my health, and I can't undertake to discuss other people's affairs — I find my own as much as my health and leisure will allow me to attend to."

"Sir Booth Fanshawe, you must excuse me for saying I know you perfectly. I am also well aware that you seek a little repose and privacy here, and you may rely implicitly upon my mentioning your name to no one; in fact, I have been for some weeks aware of your residing at Malory, and never have mentioned it to any one."

"Ha! you're very kind, indeed — taking great care of me, sir; you are very obliging," said Sir Booth sarcastically, "I'm sure; ha, ha! I ought to be very grateful. And to whom, may I ask, do I owe all this attention to my — my interests and comforts?"

"I am connected, Sir Booth, with a house that has unfortunately been a good deal opposed, in politics, to yours. There are reasons which make this particularly painful to me, although I have been by the direction of others, whom I had no choice but to obey, more in evidence in these miserable contests than I could wish; I've really been little more than a passive instrument in the hands of others, absolutely without power, or even influence of my own in the matter. You don't recognize me, but you have seen me elsewhere. My name is Cleve Verney."

Sir Booth had not expected this name, as his countenance showed. With a kind of jerk, he removed his cigar from his lips, sending a shower of red sparks away on the breeze, and gazing on the young man with eyes like balls of stone, ready to leap from their sockets. I dare say he was very near exploding in that sort of language which, on occasion, he did not spare. But he controlled himself, and said merely, clearing his voice first —

"That will do, sir, the name's enough; I can't be supposed to wish to converse with any one of that name, sir — no more I do."

"What I have to say, Sir Booth, affects you, it interests you very nearly," answered Cleve.

"But, sir, I'm going out in that boat — I wish to smoke my cigar — I've come down

here to live to myself, and to be alone when I choose it," said Sir Booth with suppressed exasperation.

"One word, I beg — you'll not regret it, Sir Booth," pleaded Cleve.

"Well, sir — come — I will hear it; but I tell you beforehand, I have pretty strong views as to how I have been used, and it is not likely to lead to much," said Sir Booth, with one of those sudden changes of purpose to which fiery men are liable.

So, as briefly and as persuasively as he could, Cleve Verney disclosed his own feelings, giving to the date of his attachment, skilfully, a retrospective character, and guarding the ladies of Malory from the unreasonable temper of this violent old man; and, in fact, from Cleve's statement you would have gathered that he was not even conscious that the ladies were now residing at Malory. He closed his little confession with a formal proposal.

Was there something — ever so little — in the tone of this latter part of his brief speech, that reflected something of the confidence to which I have alluded, and stung the angry pride of this ruined man? He kept smoking his cigar a little faster, and looking steadily at the distant boat that was slowly approaching against the tide.

When Cleve concluded, the old man lowered his cigar and laughed shortly and scornfully.

"You do us a great deal of honour, Mr. Verney — too much honour, by," — scoffed the baronet. "Be so good at all events as to answer me this one question frankly — yes or no. Is your uncle, Kiffyn Verney, aware of your speaking to me on this subject?"

"No, Sir Booth, he is not," said Cleve; "he knows nothing of it. I ought, perhaps, to have mentioned that at first."

"So you ought," said Sir Booth brusquely.

"And I beg that you won't mention the subject to him."

"You may be very sure I shan't sir," said the baronet fiercely. "Why, d—n it, sir, what do you mean? Do you know what you're saying? You come here, and you make a proposal for my daughter, and you think I should be so charmed that rather than risk your alliance I should practice any meanness you think fit. D—n you, sir, how dare you suppose I could fancy your aspiring to my daughter a thing to hide like a mesalliance?"

"Nothing of the kind, Sir Booth."

"Everything of the kind, sir. Do you know who you are, sir? You have not a

farthing on earth, sir, but what you get from your uncle."

"I beg your pardon — allow me, Sir Booth — I've six hundred a year of my own. I know it's very little; but I've been thought to have some energies; I know I have some friends. I have still my seat in the House, and this Parliament may last two or three years. It is quite possible that I may quarrel with my uncle; I can't help it; I'm quite willing to take my chance of that; and I entreat, Sir Booth, that you won't make this a matter of personal feeling, and attribute to me the least sympathy with the miserable doings of my uncle."

Sir Booth listened to him, looking over the sea as before, as if simply observing the approach of the boat, but he spoke this time in a mitigated tone. "You're no young man," said he, "if you don't owe money. I never knew one with a rich old fellow at his back who didn't."

He paused, and Cleve looked down.

"In fact, you don't know how much you owe. If you were called on to book up, d'y'e see, there might remain very little to show for your six hundred a year. You're just your uncle's nephew, sir, and nothing more. When you quarrel with him you're a ruined man."

"I don't see *that*," began Cleve.

"But I do. If he quarrels with you, he'll never rest till he ruins you. That's his character. It might be very different if you had a *gentleman* to deal with; but you must look the thing in the face. You may never succeed to the title. We old fellows have our palsies and apoplexies; and you, young fellows, your fevers and inflammations. Here you are quite well, and a fever comes, and turns you off like a gaslight the day after; and beside, if you quarrel he'll marry, and where are you *then*? And I tell you frankly if Mr. Kiffyn Verney has objections to me, I've stronger to him. There's no brother of mine disgraced. Why his elder brother — it's contamination to a gentleman to name him."

"He's dead, sir; Arthur Verney is dead," said Cleve, who was more patient under Sir Booth's bitter language than under any other circumstances he would have been.

"Oh? Well, that does not very much matter," said Sir Booth. "But this is the upshot: I'll have nothing underhand — all above board, sir — and if Mr. Kiffyn Verney writes a proper apology — by — he owes me one — and puts a stop to the fiendish persecutions he has been directing against me, and himself submits the proposal you have

— yes — done me the honour to make, and undertakes to make suitable settlements, I shan't stand in the way; I shan't object to your speaking to my daughter, though I can't the least tell how she'll take it; and I tell you from myself I don't like it — I don't by —, I don't like it. He's a bad fellow — a nasty dog, sir, as any in England — but *that's* what I say, sir, and I shan't alter; and you'll please never to mention the subject to me again except on these conditions: except from him I decline to hear of it — not a word — and — and, sir, you'll please to regard my name as a secret; it has been hitherto; my liberty depends on it. Your uncle can't possibly know I'm here?" he added sharply.

"When last I saw him — a very short time since — he thought you were in France. You, of course, rely upon my honour, Sir Booth, that no one living shall hear from me one syllable affecting your safety."

"Very good, sir. I never supposed you would; but I mean *every* one — these boatmen, and the people here. No one is to know who I am; and — and what I've said is my *ultimatum*, sir. And I'll have no correspondence, sir — no attempt to visit any where. You understand. By — if you do, I'll let your uncle, Mr. Kiffyn Verney, know the moment I learn it. Be so good as to leave me."

"Good night, sir," said Cleve.

Sir Booth nodded slightly.

The tall old man went stalking and stumbling over the shingle, toward the water's edge, still watching the boat, his cigar making a red star in the dusk by which Christmas Owen might have steered; and the boatmen that night heard their mysterious steersman from Malory, as he sat with his hand on the tiller, talking more than usual to himself, now and then d — ing unknown persons, and backing his desultory babble to the waves, with oaths that startled those sober-tongued dissenters.

Cleve walked slowly up that wide belt of rounded gray stones, that have rattled and rolled, perhaps, for centuries there, in every returning and retreating tide, and turned at last and looked toward the tall, stately figure of the old man now taking his place in the boat. Standing in the shadow, he watched it receding as the moonlight came out over the landscape. His thoughts began to clear, and he was able to estimate, according to his own gauges and rashness, the value and effect of his interview with the angry and embittered old man.

He wondered at the patience with which

he had borne this old man's impertinence — unparalleled impertinence; yet even now he could not resent it. He was the father of that beautiful Margaret. The interview was a mistake — a very mortifying ordeal it had proved — and its result was to block his path with new difficulties.

Not to approach except through the mediation of his Uncle Kiffyn! He should like to see how his uncle would receive a proposal to mediate in this matter. Not

to visit — not to write — neither to see nor to hear of her! Submission to such conditions was not to be dreamed of. He trampled on them, and defied all consequences.

Cleve stood on the gray shingle looking after the boat, now running swiftly with the tide. A patch of seaweed like an outstretched hand lay at his feet, and in the fitful breeze lifted a warning finger, again, and again, and again.

TWILIGHT CALM.

BY MISS ROSSETTI.

Oh, pleasant eventide!
Clouds on the western side
Grow gray and grayer hiding the warm sun:
The bees and birds, their happy labors done,
Seek their close nests and bide.

Screened in the leafy wood
The stock-doves sit and brood:
The very squirrel leaps from bough to bough
But lazily; pauses; and settles now
Where once he stored his food.

One by one the flowers close,
Lily and dewy rose
Shutting their tender petals from the moon:
The grasshoppers are still; but not so soon
Are still the noisy crows.

The dormouse squats and eats
Choice little dainty bits,
Beneath the spreading roots of a broad lime;
Nibbling his fill he stops from time to time
And listens where he sits.

From far the lowings come
Of cattle driven home:
From farther still the wind brings fitfully
The vast continual murmur of the sea,
Now loud, now almost dumb.

The gnats whirl in the air,
The evening gnats; and there
The owl opens broad his eyes and wings to sail
For prey; the bat wakes; and the shell-less
snail
Comes forth, clammy and bare.

Hark! that's the nightingale,
Telling the selfsame tale [young:
Her song told when this ancient earth was
So echoes answered when her song was sung
In the first wooded vale.

We call it love and pain
The passion of her strain;
And yet we little understand or know:
Why should it not be rather joy that so
Throbs in each throbbing vein?

In separate herds the deer
Lie; here the bucks, and here
The does, and by its mother sleeps the fawn.
Through all the hours of night until the dawn
They sleep, forgetting fear.

The hare sleeps where it lies,
With wary half-closed eyes;
The cock has ceased to crow, the hen to cluck;
Only the fox is out, some heedless duck
Or chicken to surprise.

Remote, each single star
Comes out, till there they are
All shining brightly: how the dews fall damp!
While close at hand the glow-worm lights her
lamp
Or twinkles from afar.

But evening now is done
As much as if the sun,
Day-giving, had arisen in the east: [ceased,
For night has come; and the great calm has
The quiet sands have run.

From the Saturday Review.

LORD COWLEY.

LORD COWLEY, who is about, after many years, to vacate the Embassy at Paris, has been familiar with the diplomatic service from his infancy. His father, sharing the ability and fortune of his prosperous family, was employed half a century ago in important missions under CASTLEREAGH and CANNING, and ended his official career as Ambassador to France. The qualities of a diplomatist are but little known to the world at large, although now and then the demeanour of an Ambassador placed in an exceptional position attracts general attention. Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, even before his name was rendered popular by Mr. KINGLAKE, had often been the object of satire which generally implied respect, and he was regarded with pride and confidence by the English community in the East. The exercise of a kind of reforming protectorate over Turkey pleased the general imagination, especially as it was known that the stern censor of the Porte was always ready, in defence of his client, to face the utmost wrath of Russia. No other foreign representative of England has, in the present generation, attained the same general recognition of his merits. An Ambassador at St. Petersburg, at Vienna, or at Paris cannot affect the character of a Viceroy, or of a resident in a native Indian principality. It is his business to acquire influence at the Court where he resides, to collect useful information for his own Government, and generally to promote a policy which originates at home. As Lord COWLEY has during a long period enjoyed the confidence of many successive Ministries, it may be assumed that he has discharged his duties with advantage to his country. Temper, prudence, and accuracy are not brilliant or startling qualities, though they are among the most useful gifts of a man of business, and more especially of a diplomatist. Perfect tact is more especially required where, as in France at the present day, Ambassadors have to deal directly with the Sovereign, instead of transacting the most important business with a Cabinet. To be respectful and conciliatory, and at the same time firm, is a proof of vigour and pliability of character; and there is reason to believe that Lord COWLEY was a *persona grata* at the Tuileries, although he has never been accused of undue subserviency to the EMPEROR. The facility of communication between France and England partially re-

lieves an Ambassador at Paris from the temptation of becoming a partisan of a foreign Government. When the despatches relating to some important crisis are made public, it is amusing and instructive to observe the tendency of diplomatists to identify themselves with the Governments to which they have been accredited. During the Italian wars of 1848 and 1859, the information furnished to the English Government was tinged by opposite prejudices as it proceeded from Vienna or from Turin. The late Lord NORMANBY learned, during his official residence at Florence, to be the enthusiastic advocate of the petty Italian princes; and Sir JAMES HUDSON, representing more accurately the feeling of his countrymen, was almost considered an Italian patriot. No published correspondence has yet shown that Lord COWLEY had become a Frenchman in his political opinions, although his formal despatches on the eve of the Italian war may seem to indicate credulity. The English practice of printing diplomatic blue-books for the information of Parliament has naturally led to the transaction of much important business by means of private and confidential letters. An Ambassador writing with a view to future publicity may sometimes repeat in his formal despatches, without note or comment, the pacific assurances which he has received, and at the same time may intimate to his Government his own conviction that war is imminent, and that armaments are not the less real because they are officially disavowed.

Having been successively the organ of Lord PALMERSTON, of Lord CLARENDON, of Lord RUSSELL, and of Lord STANLEY, Lord COWLEY has probably learnt the truth of Lord ABERDEEN's assertion that the foreign policy of England is substantially the same under all Governments. The list of Foreign Secretaries might perhaps be abridged, inasmuch as Lord PALMERSTON, when he was in office, always controlled the foreign policy of England; yet the nominal head of the department necessarily writes and signs the despatches which express the intentions of the Cabinet or of the First Minister. It was Lord COWLEY's fortune to transmit to the French Government Lord RUSSELL's successive refusals to participate in the proposed Congress, and to support the efforts of France in the cause of Poland. It is the business of an ambassador to be unconscious of offence, even when it is his duty to make the most disagreeable communications; yet it may perhaps have been a satisfaction to Lord Cow-

LEY when the death of Lord PALMERSTON relieved Lord RUSSELL of the duty of writing despatches. Within the same period were included the decision of the English Government to take no share in the Mexican war, and the frequent interchange of proposals and advice on the American question. While the people of the United States were raving against the treacherous hostility of the English Government, Lord COWLEY was incessantly conveying to the French Government arguments and resolutions in favour of the most scrupulous neutrality. The position of Lord LYONS at Washington was only one degree more unenviable than that which imposed on Lord COWLEY the duty of thwarting day by day the dearest wishes of the Emperor NAPOLEON, but the regard for personal courtesy which prevails universally in Europe tends greatly to diminish the harshness of diplomatic collisions. It was well known that the English Ambassador was controlled, not only by his Government, but by the public opinion of his countrymen; and a wise Sovereign prefers an independent representative of national feeling to a sycophant who may mislead him into dangerous enterprises by courtly deference. During Lord COWLEY's career at Paris, he was more often an opponent than a supporter either of the principle or of the details of French policy, but he seems to have commanded the esteem and goodwill of the EMPEROR, perhaps because he had never attempted to deceive him. It was one of the many foibles of NICHOLAS I. of Russia to exhibit ill humour to foreign Ministers whenever they thwarted his wishes, or offered unwelcome remonstrances. The present ruler of France is wiser, and has more control over his temper.

One of the most important affairs with which Lord COWLEY was officially connected was entirely conducted by a non-professional negotiator. The Ambassador merely afforded facilities to Mr. CORDEN's conduct of the Commercial Treaty; and invidious comparisons were not unnaturally drawn between the active promoter of free trade and the ostensible representative of the English Crown. The business of a diplomatist has, in truth, little connection with the special arrangements of a tariff. An Ambassador, like an advocate, must be ready to support the interests of his country on all occasions, but he is not expected to possess the minute knowledge of a practised economist. When Mr. PITT negotiated his

commercial treaty with France in 1786, he employed Mr. EDEN, who was the best economist of his time, as Minister Plenipotentiary, although the Duke of DORSET retained the rank of Ambassador. As the Treaty of 1860 was framed in accordance with the wishes of the EMPEROR, there was, properly speaking, no need of negotiation. The knowledge possessed by Mr. CORDEN, and the confidence which he commanded among traders and manufacturers, eminently qualified him for the useful function of teaching the French nation the English lesson of free trade. His favourite belief that commerce was an effectual cure for political aggression received an instructive comment in the annexation of Nice and Savoy, while he was still adjusting the details of the treaty. It is said that greater adroitness in negotiation might have procured for Switzerland a portion of the province which now forms a part of the French Empire; but in so important a matter the Ambassador was probably relieved from responsibility by the distinct orders of his Government. The coolness which followed the seizure of the Italian provinces yielded gradually, like previous causes of disagreement, to the sense of common interest which has now for thirty years found expression in the alliance of England with France. Neither Poland nor Denmark, neither the crime of ORSINI nor the failure of the joint expedition to Mexico, have permanently disturbed the conviction that the two great nations of the West have a common concern in the defence of civilization in distant regions. The necessity of keeping watch on the ambitious designs of France nearer home has been happily diminished by the establishment, in the centre of Europe, of an independent power of the first order. Lord COWLEY's successor will probably have to deal with a policy of peace on the Continent, and he will not be embarrassed by the dying tradition of French hostility to England. Lord COWLEY has been the witness, and perhaps in some degree the promoter, of a change of opinion or sentiment which is mainly due to the rise of a new and less prejudiced generation. Those who remember the popular language of twenty years ago can best appreciate the improvement in the spirit of the French nation. After so complete a revolution of feeling, enthusiasts may hope that at some distant period even American politicians may learn to treat England with ordinary good sense and civility.

From the Saturday Review.

A STORY OF DOOM.*

MISS INGELOW'S poems have achieved a merited and rather remarkable popularity within a very few years. The fly-leaf of the *Story of Doom* reminds us that her earlier volume has reached its thirteenth edition in ordinary type, and is moreover purchasable in a guinea or two-guinea form, with ninety-seven illustrations by various popular artists. We are unreservedly glad of the fairly-earned success of a poetess whose capacities for eminence we long ago recognized. At the same time we could wish that a rather longer interval had been allowed to elapse before the publication of the set of poems now before us, the longest and most important of which is the *Story of Doom*. It is to be regretted when even well-deserved appreciation by the public induces an author to follow too strictly the maxim *Nulla dies sine linea*, and specially so in the case of writers in verse. We hope Miss Ingelow has time enough before her to insure her giving us the benefit of the whole originality of her mind in the most well-considered, and therefore the most enduring, form. We can hardly admit that she has altogether realized this ideal in the present volume; and we cannot escape the consciousness that a story which calls itself "of Doom," and which in fact is the tragic or epic story of Noah's Deluge, ought to be handled with a more powerful grasp, if it is to be handled in poetry at all.

We by no means intend to say that Miss Ingelow's picture of the state of the world before the Flood is not a very good one as far as it goes; but it does not go very deep, though perhaps it was hardly to be expected that it should have gone any deeper. There is an old story of a sermon once preached by a Welsh parson, which dilated on the various temptations that Noah had to bear at the hands of his neighbours while he was working on the Ark, somewhat after this fashion. The wicked heathens of the Welsh preacher came to Noah and said, "Noah, there is capital good ale at the Red Lion, won't you come and have some?" but Noah went on hammering at his Ark, clump—clump—clump. And the wicked heathens came again to Noah and said, "Noah, the hounds are running capital on the hill behind the house, won't you come and see them?" but Noah went on hammering at his Ark, clump—clump—clump.

And when the Flood came, where was Noah? Safe in the Ark, which he had built, clump—clump—clump! And where were the wicked heathens? Howling and screeching in the waters! In Miss Ingelow's poem, as in the Welshman's sermon, we are more or less obliged to take upon trust the exemplary wickedness of the heathen of Noah's day, except in points analogous to a love of the bounds or of capital good ale. There is some subtlety in Miss Ingelow's imagination of the old serpent as an extremely pious and formal character, much given to persuading the heathen giants to gorgeous acts of ritual and sacrifice. Japhet's love-affair and betrothal to one of the slave-girls of his mother's household are very prettily and gracefully told (if only Japhet had not been Japhet, but some other personage of fiction), and Japhet is of course altogether a comfort to his father, which Shem and Ham, equally of course, are not. There is great picturesqueness of description scattered through the poem, and there is considerably greater individuality of character among the personages of Noah's household than is wont to be found among the painted wooden images which represent them to our youthful imaginations in the Noah's arks of nursery life. But the fact remains that the *Story of Doom* is neither biblical nor grand. We do not say that such a story need justify itself by being biblical, but we do say that it does not justify itself unless it is grand. The Flood is not a subject upon which good taste can be satisfied with a merely pretty idyl.

Miss Ingelow's power of turning legitimate subjects into graceful idyls was well shown in her earlier volume, and the new volume is not devoid of the same kind of excellence. "Laurance" is a good simple idyl of true and false love; "Gladys and her Island" a reasonably successful allegorical one. Gladys is the normal figure of a humble pupil-teacher in a school at some imaginary watering-place, far cleverer than the commonplace young ladies whom she teaches. One day, when the young ladies of the establishment are treated to a picnic, Gladys is thoughtfully sent by her amiable employers on a solitary walk, lest she should become enamoured of pleasures above her proper station. When she has strolled some way beyond the ordinary limit of the decorous young ladies' walk along the shore, Gladys suddenly sees a wonderful island gleaming on the sea-line. A mysterious woman with a baby comes by, who develops the faculty of answering Gladys's unuttered thoughts, and along with her comes a bois-

* *A Story of Doom and other Poems.* By Jean Ingelow. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

terous girl or "freakish maid." Under the charge of these two experienced mariners, Gladys sails off in a convenient ferry-boat to the island. She sees there a number of quaint and pretty things which Miss Ingelow's readers may see with her, and returns home at nightfall in time to see the carriages of the picnic party drive up, and to fall into her ordinary duties without being found out as the Robinson Crusoe of a fairy isle. A note tells us that the woman is "Imagination, brooding over what she brought forth. The two purple peaks of the island represent the domains of Poetry and of History. The girl" (the freakish thing) "is Fancy." The island scenes are drawn with very remarkable grace and clearness of language. But we feel bound to give Miss Ingelow a friendly caution not to deliver herself over too unreservedly to the vagaries of the freakish thing, or she may end by mistaking her for the brooding mother. Again, we do not think that Miss Ingelow improves her fable by a desultory moral which winds up after this fashion : —

—— and with a word to the nobler sex
As thus — we pray you carry not your guns
On the half-cock.

Why not? If the fairer sex takes vigorously to shooting, we are inclined to pray fervently that their guns may be carried on the half-cock, at any rate as long as they are not walking up to a point. Otherwise the newspapers will be full of tragic accidents till the host of fair shooters have learnt their lesson better than Miss Ingelow. If technical terms must be used in verse, they should be used accurately.

The poetical metaphor of "word-painting" has followed many metaphors into the regions of the tritest prose; and it may very well stay there. Miss Ingelow brings it back into lyrical verse under the form of "my paintings labial" — perhaps the very vilest phrase it has ever been our lot to meet in an assortment of genuine poetry. The certainty that Miss Ingelow can mould the clearest and simplest language as she pleases enhances our regret that she should fall, even in a few instances, into slipshod affectation. Here is an example of what she can do in the way of graceful lyric, when she tries; though even here a phrase or two is not fairly above criticism : —

The racing river leapt, and sang
Full blithely in the perfect weather,
All round the mountain echoes rang,
For blue and green were glad together.

This rained out light from every part,
And that with songs of joy was thrilling :
But in the hollow of my heart
There ached a place that wanted filling.

Before the road and river meet,
And stepping-stones are wet and glisten,
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,
And paused to like it, and to listen.

I heard the chanting waters flow,
The cushat's note, the bee's low humming;
Then turned the hedge, and did not know —
How could I? — that my time was coming.

A girl upon the highest stone,
Half doubtful of the deed, was standing,
So far the shallow flood had flown
Beyond the accustomed leap of landing.

She knew not any need of me,
Yet me she waited all unweeting :
We thought not I had crossed the sea,
And half the sphere to give her meeting.

I waded out, her eyes I met,
I wished the moments had been hours :
I took her in my arms, and set
Her dainty feet among the flowers.

Her fellow-maids in copse and lane,
Ah ! still, methinks, I hear them calling :
The wind's soft whisper in the plain,
The cushat's coo, the water's falling.

But now it is a year ago,
But now possession crowns endeavour :
I took her in my heart, to grow
And fill the hollow place for ever.

The best and most complete poem in the volume is the last — a ballad on the building of the first Eddystone Lighthouse by Winstanley, a mercer of London, who perished with his own edifice in a violent storm in the winter of 1703. We must leave Miss Ingelow to settle with historical authorities whether Winstanley built the tower on his own account, or for the Trinity House. Apart from this question of literal truth, the ballad is well-conceived and thoroughly well worked out; not the less so because Miss Ingelow wrote it (as her note tells us) with a fixed purpose of attaining such simplicity and plainness of narrative as might captivate the minds and memories of an ordinary set of schoolchildren. It is too long for quoting entire, but a few stanzas will indicate the spirit which runs through the whole. Two of Winstanley's homeward-bound ships have been lost on the rock, when he resolves to devote his life to conquering the public danger. On reach-

ing Plymouth, he is of course dissuaded by the local wiseacres from wasting his labour and money on an impossibility. The Mayor of Plymouth advises him, with plausible reasons, to leave it alone for an easier and more useful task : —

O beacons sighted in the dark,
They are right welcome things,
And pitchpoats flaming on the shore
Show fair as angel wings.

Hast gold in hand? then light the land,
It longs to thee and me;
But let alone the deadly rock
In God Almighty's sea.

However, Winstanley perseveres, and in spite of all adverse prophecy the tower is completed and the lantern lighted : —

Winstanley set his foot ashore :
Said he, " My work is done :
I hold it strong to last as long
As aught beneath the sun.

" But if it fail as fail it may,
Borne down with ruin and rout,
Another than I shall rear it high,
And brace the girders stout.

" A better than I shall rear it high,
For now the way is plain ;
And tho' I were dead," Winstanley said,
" The light would shine again.

" Yet were I fain still to remain,
Watch in my tower to keep,
And tend my light in the stormiest night
That ever did move the deep ;

" And if it stood, why then 'twere good,
Amid their tremulous stirs,
To count each stroke when the mad waves
broke,
For cheers of mariners.

" But if it fell, then this were well,
That I should with it fall ;
Since, for my part, I have built my heart
In the courses of its wall."

If such was Winstanley's wish, he had it. And if it occurred to him further to wish that his story might sometime be told in good clear honest English verse, he need hardly have wished for a better chronicler than Miss Ingelow.

From the Saturday Review.

MISTAKES IN CHARACTER.

THERE can be no doubt that a great many of the actions which we take to be infallible signs of the character of the person who does them are, in fact, not infallible at all. This is only another way of putting a truth which few people would care to deny, that few characters are entirely consistent and complete in all their parts. Wise people have weak places, and foolish people have often acuteness enough to feign one or two of the superficial airs and attributes of wisdom. De Retz instantly marked Chigi as having a small mind, from the moment that he told him that he had written with the same pen for three years, and that it was a capital pen still. This proved a sagacious judgment. When Chigi became Pope, it was truly said of him that he was *maximus in minimis* and *minimus in maximis*, just the kind of person who would have a conceit about his pen. Still the mere fact on which De Retz founded a judgment which circumstances afterwards justified was not in itself a perfectly adequate basis for such a judgment. A man might amuse himself by taking excessive care of his pen, and might find sincere satisfaction in the thought that the pen had lasted for three years, and still was a good pen, without necessarily being a trifler and an ass. We continually find that men of subtle and vigorous intellects, constantly exercised in important affairs, delight in being able to think or talk about small things, and have an interest in what to prigs and pedants appear disgustingly frivolous concerns. It is not always very pleasant to meet a great man in one of these leisure moments. We expect some outward and visible sign of his greatness, that he will talk well, and say fine things, and disclose to us all that lies next his heart. We forget that he has been thinking or writing fine things all day, and that he has had quite enough of what lies next his heart to be only too happy to forget it for a while. The poet is only too glad to escape from the ideas which have mastered him for hours and days and weeks. The philosopher who has been the slave of his books and his trains of thought is charmed to mix with people who don't read, and don't know exactly what a train of thought means. The statesman who has been busied in affairs and despatches and squabbles among his colleagues, and so forth, thinks himself in Paradise when he can expatiate upon horses or crops or the opera. Per-

sons who do not know what it is to have an urgent and serious interest in their minds are extremely vexed and disappointed when they find a prominent man unwilling to exhaust himself by "tumbling" for their pleasure and behoof. They are very often ready to vow that his prominence is altogether unmerited, and that, in spite of every thing to the contrary, he is at bottom a thoroughly poor creature. It is certainly true that a man may attain prominence by virtue of charlatanism, and therefore these exacting persons may now and then be right in their disparagement of people with a reputation. But it is a violent mistake to assume that a man is beneath his reputation just because he declines to show off or talk up to it, whenever anybody chooses to try to wind him up, as though he were some cunningly-constructed machine. Talleyrand was as judicious as usual when he replied to the impertinent visitor who wanted to involve him in a conversation upon affairs of State, "Pardon me, sir; I never talk about what I understand." Wise men often follow his example. It is to be deplored that it does not become more general. Society would be ever so much more enjoyable if people would not insist upon airing their specialities; and, as a rule, a man with sincere respect for his own speciality, and honest knowledge of it, is the last person in the world to thrust it upon those who are not competent to understand or to measure it. He is much more willing to discourse upon his pen, like Cardinal Chigi, or his ink-pot, or the kind of paper which he uses, than upon the ideas which these are the humble instruments of fixing and conveying to the public. Anybody can understand and appreciate the qualities of a pen which has proved a good and serviceable pen for three whole years. Provided the owner of such an implement does not carry his demand for our enthusiasm on the subject too far, he could not choose a better kind of subject for light conversation after a day's work. It is rank ingratitude to mark such a man out as having a small mind.

By very solemn people it is thought an extremely unworthy thing to have favourite animals. A man or a woman who cares for a dog or a cat, and who does not disguise the attachment, passes in certain sorts of circles for a wofully light-minded person. How can anybody, they ask, who sees the overwhelming seriousness of life endure to devote a single grave thought to a mere brute, or to find an atom of pleasure in the creature? But here again it is possible

that a very humane and sympathizing person may have pets, just for the same reason which makes a studious person more ready to chat about his pen than its products. One requires reliefs and contrasts. If a lady has spent the afternoon in visiting paupers and squalid wretches, she needs to have another sort of picture in the evening; and if the contemplation of a dog curled up on the hearthrug supplies this solace, why should she be thought the worse of on that account? Yet people are so hasty in thinking ill of a neighbour's character, that the sight of the comfortable dog fills them with righteous indignation and contempt. They declare that the brute's owner is heartless and selfish, and indifferent to the grave facts of life, as though the existence of misery were the strongest possible reason for our absolute refusal to be happy. One may be very fond of a brute without being either indolent or indifferent, or anything else that is bad. Erskine was not idle, and he was not incapable of the warmest interest in public things, simply because he had a vessel full of pet leeches, on which every evening after dinner he was wont to lavish his endearments and caresses. And, after all, a sage dog or decorous cat is a much more creditable and profitable companion than many kinds of human beings — than a peevish, narrow-souled woman, for example. A man is much more to be envied and respected for possessing the one than the other. There is a false notion current that a highly social temperament is also a highly benevolent temperament, and that if a man likes the society of human beings he is sure to be solicitous for their interests. Nothing could be more mistaken. It is constantly the case that a man who rather shuns the haunts of his kind, and has a leech or a tortoise or a dog for his most habitual companion, cares a great deal more for public well-being, and would do a great deal more in the way of personal sacrifice to promote it, than the airy popular being who is never happy except when he is in the company of a troop of other people.

A frequent source of misjudgment of character is an intolerance of paradox. We declare a man to be a fool if he says things which sound absurd or perverse, without taking the trouble to think whether he means himself to be taken to the very letter of what he says. In England, where we are a sober and rather stolid race in many things, this injustice is too prevalent. And it does us a good deal of harm. In a certain quantity paradox is an invaluable element in

intellectual life. It places a truth or a falsehood before the mind in a dress which vividly attracts our attention. If a man believes his own paradoxes, he may be either a person of extraordinary genius and insight, or a shallow fool. Probably he is the latter, because, without reason shown to the contrary, we are justified in assuming of anybody that he or she belongs to the majority. As a rule, however, he who has the wit to propound a paradox has also wit enough to keep him from believing that it contains all that need be said on the matter to which it relates. Those who are habitually paradoxical are bores, because immoderate addiction to this mode of stating things is almost always affectation, and not the expression of a genuine, if temporary, mode of looking at things. The main object in the world is to keep people's minds alive and awake, and to effect this nothing is more potent than to offer them a statement which frets their common sense. Thus to irritate and stir up common sense is the characteristic of a paradox. It stimulates people at first to vehement antagonism, but unless they are over a hundred, and past all possibility of movement, it prevents them from falling contentedly and confidently back into their old attitude. It is an obvious error, therefore, to discourage this peculiar turn of mind by identifying it with mere brainless perversity and wrong-headedness. The man whom you deem perverse and crotchety very likely thinks much as you think, only his thoughts present themselves to him in a more quaint form, with a variety of side lights upon them, which in your own mind either nature or training has blocked up. It does not follow that because a man is thus able to change his point of view, and to shed light upon his subject from many angles, therefore he sees everything crooked and distorted. Just the reverse, in fact. The more points of view he can command the better, and the more useful he is to persons whose vision is narrower than his own happens to be.

One of the most grievous confusions of thought in our estimates of character is to mistake exactness for hardness. Anybody who insists on precision, punctuality, order, and upon the rigid recognition of facts, is inevitably set down by nine out of ten acquaintances as of a cold, hard, selfish nature. Unless a man is a little weak and a little blind, men will not have it that his character has a single pliant or tender fibre in it.

It is so profoundly distasteful to the weak people — that is, to most people — to be brought into contact with a strong person who knows what he is aiming at, and keeps a cool eye upon the means by which he is to reach it, that no experience to the contrary will convince them that a man may be firm, resolute, punctual, indefatigably industrious, a shade exacting, and yet overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and always ready to bestow generously with his left hand all that he has sedulously reaped by the toil of his right. It is not certain that the base emotion of envy does not enter largely into this confusion of a collection of most useful virtues with a very odious vice. If you find that a man is making irresistible way by his steadfastness, it is some comfort to a meaner nature to believe, or pretend to believe, that this steadfastness is the product of a horrid congelation of all the finer and wider sympathies. Of course, where envy comes in, the confusion between singleness of purpose and hardness of heart is something much more malignant than a mere blunder of observation. But, apart from this vile intruder, men are too willing to believe that a cool head usually implies a cold heart. It is a superstition. There is no *a priori* reason why we could expect the one to accompany the other, and all observation goes to show that the one does not as a matter of fact always accompany the other. Still the prejudice remains. The purposeless are apt to quake in the face of the man who has a purpose, who knows clearly what it is, and steadily does his best to carry it out to the end. This quaking makes them willing to think that there must be something sinister in the person who is the occasion of it. If such a conviction does any thing to console them for their alarms, perhaps the cool-headed ones will not grudge it them. Still, all false measurements of this sort are worth avoiding. It is not of very much importance to a stoic whether people judge him rightly or wrongly. But, as we live in a world with others, it is of importance to a man not to carry his stoicism too far. If he does, he is pretty sure to end by enjoying the mistakes which his neighbours make about him, and encouraging them. And this is a form of affectation which is sure to engender a very hurtful amount of self-consciousness — the mental condition which is about the most hurtful to good work that is possible to the human mind.

From the Spectator.

WHEATON'S INTERNATIONAL LAW. *

So many important questions of international law have arisen in England within the last few years, that we turn with considerable interest to a new edition of what is usually considered the standard work on the subject. Mr. Wheaton's book has been recognized as an authority for nearly thirty years; and in spite of its defects, and the rivalry of later writers, it still is fairly entitled to the first place. The author, as an American and a diplomatist, had singular advantages for performing his task. As an American he stood aloof from all sympathy with old European controversies, and he further represented the views and principles of a young commercial nation, starting on its career with no fetters of tradition. As a diplomatist he had great practical knowledge of the working of treaties and the conduct of negotiation, and he learned fully to appreciate the fundamental axiom of all international law, that it has no positive sanction independent of treaty. His two chief defects spring from the same causes. He is very naturally prone to attach peculiar importance to all questions specially affecting his own country, an error which might unquestionably be avoided, but which is probably less injurious than if it had been made by the citizen of any other country. He is also somewhat meagre in his treatment of the international aspect of private rights, a subject of which a trained lawyer would be more apt to feel the importance. His grasp of the general principles of jurisprudence is firm, and his treatment of them generally clear and sound; nor has any better method of dividing and discussing the subject ever been adopted. Mr. Wheaton, however, has been dead for eighteen years, and the changes in international law which have taken place during the interval render it a matter of great importance how his original text is edited and supplemented. In this respect the new edition has a marked advantage over the others which have been issued since the author's death. The former ones were edited and augmented with a considerable mass of notes by Mr. W. B. Lawrence, who neither by his calling nor by his own abilities was well fitted to supplement Wheaton's defects, and to make the additions required by the course of history. He also was a diplomatist, prolix in his style, and with a tendency far stronger

than Mr. Wheaton's to dwell specially on matters of American interest. He added nothing on that branch of the subject which Wheaton had, as we have already mentioned, treated imperfectly, and he loaded the book with many voluminous notes on points of very slight importance. The present editor, Mr. R. H. Dana, has discarded the whole of his predecessor's additions to the original text, but has added many notes of his own. Some of these are substituted for Mr. Lawrence's, and are usually a great improvement on them; but many of course are on entirely new topics, mainly such as have come into notice since Mr. Lawrence wrote, though a few supply defects in Wheaton's text which Mr. Lawrence did not attempt to remedy. There is also a new and improved index, and a separate table of the principal subjects discussed in the editor's notes. That the present edition is considerably superior to the previous ones will be admitted by every one who will take the trouble to compare them together; but the superiority is in point of execution, not in comprehension of the true principles on which a treatise of international law ought to be written. The additional notes of both editors contain long disquisitions on almost every international dispute which has arisen during the last twenty years, certainly on every point affecting American interests. The arguments are given at considerable length, and too often the writer indulges in a little argument on his own account. It is possible that the United States may have been right in every instance, and it is perfectly natural that an American should defend the view taken by his own country; but the right place to do this is in an avowedly controversial work, not in one professing to lay down judicially the principles of international law. English writers may have offended in a similar manner; Wheaton himself is not innocent, as witness his totally irrelevant tirade about the burning of Washington; but Wheaton's editors exaggerate the fault of their master, and all we can say in Mr. Dana's favour is that his notes are better written, more systematic, and more complete, than Mr. Lawrence's.

It is the established practice, with new editions of law books that have attained a reputation, to leave the author's text unaltered, or at least to mark clearly which are his original words, and which the additions of the subsequent editor. Whether this method be in itself a good one or not, it may easily be carried too far. To leave unaltered in the text such statements as that

* *Wheaton's International Law*. Eighth Edition. By R. H. Dana, LL.D. 1866.

Denmark is a member of the Germanic Confederation in virtue of Holstein, with a correction inserted, if at all, in a note printed in very small type, is paying most unreasonable deference to the author. For no possible reason can it be desirable, if a book is to be edited and corrected at all, that statements of facts which have become false should be left as the author made them. The first requisite of any text-book is that the reader should be able to trust it; and though respect for Mr Wheaton may reasonably prompt editors to preserve his dicta, especially on a subject where the opinions of competent writers are quoted as if they were judicial decisions, and to cast all opinions of their own into notes, yet this slavish adherence to form is positively mischievous where the facts have altered since Wheaton wrote. Mr. Dana, when he thinks Wheaton wrong in his opinion, does not scruple to say so, as, for instance, in a note on a slave-trade case at p. 208; he need not surely hesitate to amend the text in places where beyond all possible question Wheaton is wrong, by the change of circumstances, not by his own fault. Great as is the improvement of the present edition over previous ones, we cannot help thinking that much yet remains to be done. It is doubtless a hard task to arrange perfectly, and assimilate with the old matter, the additions which the editor feels bound to make, and especially hard when he determines to put all the new matter into notes; but the difficulty is not insuperable, and Mr. Dana might have done more to overcome it. Let us hope that by the time another edition is required he will have modified his views as to the proper duties of an editor, that he will then import into the text all necessary corrections and additions, greatly curtail the discussions on questions of present interest but of no great importance in principle, and relegate to an appendix, or banish altogether, the matter which concerns only his own country. By so doing he will not diminish Mr. Wheaton's reputation, and he will certainly add greatly to his own credit, as being something more than a mere editor.

International law is necessarily a most intricate and difficult subject to discuss. In the strict sense of the term there can be no such thing, for a law implies a sanction, a superior authority to exact obedience, which obviously does not exist as between independent communities. Practically, however, the title is used to comprise a variety of subjects which have little connection in principle, but are conveniently treated to-

gether as being different sides of the relations which arise between different nations and their several citizens. There are, in the first place, the positive obligations of any one nation towards any other, arising out of treaties. Nations, like individuals, have in general a respect for their plighted faith, and therefore observe treaties; but if they choose to violate them, there is, of course, no means of preventing them. They may be acting immorally, and they expose themselves to the peril of war, but they no more infringe a law than a private person who refuses to pay a debt of honour. In the next place, every State has laws or usages relating to the dealings of its subjects with foreigners. Some of these are founded on mutual agreement in the form of treaties, some on general principles of equity or convenience which are likely to be valid everywhere, and so there arises something like a *consensus* of nations on these subjects. In none of these cases, however, is there any relation between nations as such, independently of commercial or extradition treaties, and the like; nor is there any sort of obligation on them to conform to a common standard. It is quite possible, for instance, that two persons of different nations may be legally married according to the laws of the one country, and unmarried according to the other, nor can it be otherwise so long as nations continue to differ in religion and social organization. Neither treaties nor the private relations of citizens of different countries, however, are subjects of what is most generally understood by international law, which is the theory of the obligations, moral or conventional, by which every civilized nation is supposed to be bound in its relation towards every other. These are, of course, not strictly obligations at all; they are merely rules, some of them morally right, some of them indifferent, which have been found to conduce to the general advantage, and though jurists may attempt to found them on abstract reasoning, or on some form of legal fiction, they have in truth no other foundation than usage. That usage has grown up, in great measure, through the recognition by the nations of Europe of the brotherhood of all men in Christianity, and it has gradually been formularized by great jurists, and improved as one nation or another made an innovation in the direction of humanity or unselfishness, but it has no binding force beyond the sense of right or the perception of utility which pervades the various communities. It is said, for instance, to be contrary to international law, now, to put

to death prisoners of war, or sell them as slaves; but formerly this was not the case, and the change has been brought about not by any specific agreement, but by the tacit use of nations. Morality may dictate treating prisoners after the humaner modern fashion, and no civilized nation would now dream of acting otherwise; but we owe the improvement not to any force of international law, but to the spirit of Christianity. So again justice prescribes that nations at peace with both of two belligerents should do equal justice between them, should be, in fact as well as in name, neutral; and the general consent has allowed belligerents certain privileges as against neutrals, as it were in consideration for the unfortunate condition in which they are placed. Yet though a belligerent has just cause of complaint if neutrality is not really preserved, the neutral is in no way positively bound to fulfil its moral duty, except by regard for justice and by fear of the consequences.

In general, however, the most important international disputes arise through a belligerent and a neutral taking different views of the justice of any particular case. Both sides recognize as valid certain broad principles, founded on justice, and sanctioned by usage; the difficulty is to determine whether, in a given instance, those principles have been obeyed. And since the two nations are in the position of parties to a civil suit, each defending his own interests and trying to show the law to be on his side, and there is no tribunal to decide between them, disputes are very apt to be terminated by policy. The claimant gives way, or some compromise is effected for the sake of peace, leaving the merits of the case undetermined. A perusal of the memorable correspondence between Mr. Adams, the American Minister, and the English Government, with reference to the *Alabama* and other vessels, which is very well summarized by Mr. Dana at p. 579, will show how little in international disputes turns on principles of law, and how much on the application of them to a particular set of facts. The United States complain that England violated her neutrality by allowing ships to leave her ports for the service of the Confederates. The English Government reply that it did its best to prevent it. The American representative says that the English Government ought to have done more, or make compensation for the failure. Thus the dispute turns really on facts, and though minor questions of law have been imported into it, though some English partizans have denied that selling ships of war to belliger-

ents is a breach of neutrality at all, yet the real point at issue is whether or not, admitting that harm was done to the United States by English subjects, England as a nation is responsible under the circumstances. The proposal to refer the dispute to arbitration was rejected on other grounds; but there is a real difficulty in so doing which ought not to escape attention. When private litigants agree to abide by the judgment of an umpire, both parties are bound by the law of the land, and the umpire applies the facts to them. In international disputes, where there is no positive law, it is necessary to agree beforehand on the legal principles applicable, which would be extremely difficult, since disputed cases are always near the border line, or else to make the arbiter judge of law as well as facts. The latter course is one which a great nation would be very unwilling to adopt; but it may be remarked incidentally that if ever there was a case in which it would be desirable to do so, it is in the *Alabama* dispute. It would be to England's ultimate advantage if every claim of the United States were allowed, and such concession made the basis of future usage.

Losing her cause in one instance, she would gain a precedent which might be of infinite value in the event of war; and independently of mere interest, it would be setting a noble example to the world if the proudest and most tenacious of nations were to risk a blow to her dignity for the sake of international justice. Above all, it is idle to argue, in an international dispute, that a Government is bound by its own statutes. As between the executive and the legislature, this is undoubtedly true; but foreign nations have no concern with our domestic laws, they deal with the entire nation, which is absolute over laws, as well as over the executive government. Mr. Dana states the American theory, which is also essentially the true theory, in the following words:—"Our obligation arises from the law of nations, and not from our own statutes, and is measured by the law of nations. Our statutes are only means for enabling us to perform our international duty, and not the affirmative limits of that duty. We are as much responsible for insufficient machinery, when there is knowledge and opportunity for remedying it, as for any other form of neglect. Indeed, a nation may be said to be more responsible for a neglect or refusal which is an imperial, continuous act, and general in its operation, than for neglect in a special case, which may be the fault of subordinates." Substitute "the principles of justice" for "the law of

nations," which is a misleading phrase borrowed from the Roman jurists, and we have here a compendium of all international duty. The misfortune is that the nation against which another brings a complaint is itself the judge as to whether it has or has not performed its duty.

From the Saturday Review.

HALLECK'S TRANSLATION OF JOMINI'S NAPOLEON.*

THE name of General Halleck is well known to us in connexion with the American civil war, but this officer's literary performances are probably less appreciated in England than they deserve to be. If the industry of General Halleck in a military office was as great as that which he had displayed as a translator and compiler, he may be supposed to have largely contributed to the organization of those mighty Northern armaments by which the resistance of the South was finally overcome. It is true that he shows much more of diligent study than of genius, and it is possible that, as a general, he might, after all his reading and reflection, have compared disadvantageously with other generals who had read very few books and had never written one. But if there was any value in Sir Charles Napier's advice to a young officer; that "by reading he would be distinguished," it must be allowed that Mr. Halleck followed diligently the road towards distinction. We have before us at this moment a treatise on *International Law* by H. W. Halleck, A.M., dated San Francisco, 1861. The preface states that during the war between the United States and Mexico, the author, who was a staff officer, was often required to give opinions on questions of international law growing out of the operations of the war. As books of reference were not always accessible, he commenced a series of notes and extracts, which ultimately grew into the work which he published in the hope that "it might be found useful to officers of the army and navy, and possibly also to the pro-

fessional lawyer." This hope has, we think, been realized; for, upon all legal questions which military and naval commanders are likely to be called upon to consider, the book contains a full collection of authorities selected and arranged with a skill which proves that Mr. Halleck would have made his fortune as a lawyer if he had not preferred the army. It is remarkable how many distinguished American soldiers have belonged to the legal profession either before or after their military services. If they have placed before themselves Cicero as their model, they may rest assured that they have surpassed him as soldiers, and perhaps equalled him as lawyers; while, as regards oratory, it may be enough to say that Cicero was never called upon to "stump" a district. It must not be supposed, however, that all American officers are industrious. There was, for example, "fighting Joe Hooker," who was as well known in San Francisco as Mr. Halleck. He spent a good deal of time in that city, waiting until fortune should supply him with the means of travelling to Washington to offer his services as Commander-in-chief of the United States army. It is unnecessary to inquire what Mr. Hooker did during this period, but it will be easily believed that he did not employ his leisure in perusing treatises on international law, or in studying Napoleon's campaigns. But the indefatigable Mr. Halleck, having published a legal work in 1861, was ready with a translation of Jomini's *Life of Napoleon*, in four large volumes, with notes and atlas in 1864. The principal part of the work, however, was executed as long ago as 1846, during a seven months' voyage round Cape Horn to California. It appears from the title-page that the author had advanced from the degree of A.M. to that of L.L.D., which he certainly had earned; and while claiming to have produced several works besides that which we have mentioned, he also assumes the title, by which he is best known to English readers, of a major-general in the United States army.

Among many persons who have become acquainted at second-hand with Jomini's famous work, there are probably very few who know that it is a narrative of Napoleon's exploits delivered by Napoleon's shade in the Elysian fields, for the information of the shades of Alexander, Cæsar, Frederick, and other great commanders, to whom some rumour of those exploits had come, and who awaited eagerly his arrival to explain the causes of his wonderful victories and no less wonderful defeats and downfall.

* *Life of Napoleon*. By Baron Jomini, General-in-Chief and Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor of Russia. Translated from the French, with notes, by H. W. Halleck, L.L.D., Major-General United States Army; Author of "Elements of Military Art and Science," "International Law and the Laws of War," &c. &c. 4 vols. With an Atlas. New York: D. Van Nostrand. London: Trubner & Co. 1864.

The plan which it has pleased the accomplished military historian to adopt for his work is slightly ludicrous, but there is nothing throughout the greater part of the work, except the use of the pronoun "I," to remind us that Napoleon is speaking to the shades of departed heroes in the Elysian fields. It is possible, indeed, that that which appears to us ludicrous may be thought by Frenchmen sublime; and we are by no means sure that a military history of France since 1821, in the form of a narrative addressed by the shade of a French officer killed in the Italian war to the shade of Napoleon in the Elysian fields, would not be highly popular in France, although objectionable in the view of orthodox Catholicism. The narrative would, of course, recount the removal of Napoleon's remains from exile in St. Helena to rest in the bosom of the country which he loved, and it would tell how, in the Crimea and on the plains of Italy, the military glories of France had been revived by the heir of Napoleon's name. Perhaps, too, it might hint at some further revival of those glories as waiting to be accomplished by breech-loaders upon the familiar battle-grounds of the Rhine and Danube.

But to return from the Elysian fields to General Halleck's translation of Jomini's history, it is to be remarked that the great value of that history lies in this — that it may be considered as the work of a Frenchman who had divested himself of a Frenchman's prejudices. Jomini was by birth a Swiss. He served with great distinction in the French army, and became chief of the staff to Marshal Ney. The jealousy of Berthier is stated to have been the cause of his quitting the service of France, in 1813, for that of Russia. He received from the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas important employments and high honours. Of his three daughters, one is married in Russia and two in France; and, being thus equally connected with two great rivals in European war, he is likely to do justice to the exploits of both. He had seen as much as most men of his time of battles; he had few equals in strategy; as a reader and writer he was indefatigable; he had access to the best sources of information, and he occupied a position of impartiality. With these advantages Jomini was able to produce a work which deserved to occupy the leisure of his industrious American translator. It derives perhaps some additional interest from its form.

When we come to such an act as the slaughter of Turkish prisoners at Jaffa, our

curiosity is awakened to hear how Napoleon, speaking to his audience in the Elysian fields, will justify it. The late Sir Archibald Alison, who applied some of his strongest language to this act, would perhaps have considered that it was assuming the very point in dispute to suppose that Napoleon had entered the Elysian fields. The campaign in Egypt and Syria is introduced by an explanation of the reasons for Napoleon's expedition to those countries. "I was obliged," says Jomini, speaking in his name, "to make common cause with the Directory, or to join in the conspiracy against it. I was unwilling to do either. The only reasonable course for me to pursue was to absent myself, and to do so with *éclat*." During the troubles of the Revolution the French interests in India had been neglected, and it was proposed to revive them by an expedition of which Egypt would be the base. "I was convinced that this was the shortest way to reach the heart of England." The expedition to Egypt had three objects — to establish on the Nile a French colony; to open new outlets to French manufactures; and to furnish a base of operations for moving an army across Syria and Persia to the Indus. An army of 50,000 men, well supplied with camels and dromedaries, would reach its destination in four months. The Directory, delighted at the prospect of getting rid of Napoleon, favoured his bold scheme, and granted all his requests.

By singular good fortune Napoleon, with his fleet and army, evaded Nelson, and landed at Alexandria. He advanced to Cairo, defeated the Mamelukes, and in a month had conquered Lower Egypt. But his fleet was destroyed by Nelson in Aboukir Bay. This catastrophe, however, did not extinguish all hopes of success. The French might maintain themselves in the country if they could attach the inhabitants to their cause. Napoleon did not despair of conciliating the ministers of religion. "The French army, since the Revolution, was indifferent to all forms of worship. Even in Italy they never went to church. I took advantage of this circumstance to persuade the Mussulmans that my soldiers were disposed to embrace Mohammedanism." But when the Porte was encouraged by Nelson's victory to declare war, Napoleon's conversations on the Koran and attendance in mosques availed little to mitigate the aroused fanaticism of the people. The Turks were assembling an army with which they proposed to march along the coast of Syria into Egypt. Napoleon

determined to anticipate them by capturing the fortresses on their road. El-Arish capitulated. Jaffa was taken by assault : —

We captured on this occasion two thousand prisoners, who very much embarrassed us. The weakness of my army did not allow me to detach an escort to guard them. On the other hand, they could not be released on parole, for they did not consider it binding. Moreover a part of them had already been discharged at El-Arish, on their promise not again to serve against us, and were now taken in arms. Knowing of no other course to pursue, I caused them to be shot.

We may remark, in proof of General Halleck's industry, that he appears to have read Sir Archibald Alison's history of the events described by Jomini; and, more than that, he enters into controversy with the laborious champion of Toryism in notes which require for their perusal something like his own devotion to hard work. The question which he here debates with Alison is necessarily touched upon in that part of his work on *International Law* which treats of what may be done to enemies in war. It is little to the purpose to compare certain acts of Warren Hastings with this of Napoleon at Jaffa; but it might have been urged with some effect that the Turks carried on war as savages, and that if war with savages is conducted on humane and Christian principles it will be interminable. We sometimes hear "a vigorous policy" recommended in conflicts between settlers and native races; and if this expression means, as it probably does, that the settlers should shoot the natives whenever they get a chance, it is evident that those who use it should be moderate in their condemnation of Napoleon's slaughter of prisoners at Jaffa. It may, however, be observed that, if he had dismissed those whom he could neither feed nor guard, the prospects of his campaign would not have been greatly affected by his clemency. The fortress of St. Jean d'Acre, assisted in its defence by an English squadron under Sir Sidney Smith, resisted all his efforts, and he was obliged to raise the siege and return to Egypt. The failure of this expedition made it more than ever necessary to influence the people through the ministers of religion. But they responded by inviting Napoleon to turn Mussulman with his whole army : —

I opposed to this the necessity of circumcision and abstinence from wine. But they said that an accommodation could be made with

Heaven; that a man might drink wine and still be a good Mussulman, provided that he doubled his good works.

But news reached Napoleon of reverses of the armies of Italy and the Rhine, and of disorganization of the Government at home. "Everything now proved that the French were tired of the Revolution, and that it was time to bring it to a close." The victory of Aboukir over the Turks had restored whatever Napoleon's military character had lost by the repulse at Acre. He had now no motive for prolonging his stay in Egypt, and accordingly he set sail for France, having been absent about fifteen months. He was as lucky in evading British cruisers on the homeward as on the outward voyage.

It is necessary to remember that, although the first person is used throughout this work, it is not Napoleon that really speaks, but Jomini. Upon some questions, however, the opinion of an experienced staff-officer is equally valuable with that of a general. The invasion of England is considered by the author to be possible, although difficult. "The descent once made, the capture of London was almost certain." Ten hours only would be required for landing 150,000 disciplined and victorious soldiers upon a coast destitute of fortifications and undefended by a regular army. It was under the protection of a fleet collected in the Antilles, and coming from thence with all sail to Boulogne, that this passage was to be effected. Fifty vessels sailing from Toulon, Brest, Rochefort, L'Orient, Cadix, and would unite at Martinique. Their departure would make England tremble for the two Indies, and while the British fleets were in search of them at the Cape of Good Hope and in the sea of the Antilles, these vessels would unite before Boulogne and secure the landing upon the English coast. So far we have an intelligible statement of the plan which Napoleon is known to have entertained, and of which he attempted the partial execution by ordering Villeneuve's fleet to the West Indies. But the author goes on to consider what English patriotism could have done for the defence of English soil. "This patriotism would have been an obstacle under any circumstances, but, preceded by a declaration of democratic principles, we should have found partisans enough in England to paralyse the rest of the nation." It is no reproach to Jomini that he did not understand England; and he adds, very fairly, that experience alone could decide this question of the utility of propagandism

in causing disunion among her people. "It has never been tried." We think, however, that the English statesmen of the year 1804, while entertaining profound respect for the vast military and naval resources of Napoleon, and for the skill and perseverance with which he directed them against their country, would have treated with just contempt the notion that English patriotism was likely to be affected by a declaration of democratic principles. Napoleon's grandiloquent proclamations had, under favourable circumstances, wonderful success, but they would have been lamentably unappreciated in England. After further discussion of possibilities it was concluded that at all events a menace would cost nothing, and, as Napoleon had no other employment for his troops, he might as well arrange them on the coast as anywhere else. About this time he was meditating the establishment of the French Empire, and it is curious to observe that General Halleck, like many other Americans, has a lurking sympathy for Imperialism. In a note upon the passage which describes the sort of strong government which France was supposed to require, it is said that the opinions here given are rather those of European than of American statesmen. "They are stated with great fairness and candour, and are well worthy of consideration." The strong Government which Napoleon proposed to establish was to be hereditary, and vested in a single individual. The head of the nation was to be assisted by consulting assemblies, "which should have all the power requisite for a good council, but not sufficient to enable them to arrest the car of State for the sake of Utopian theories or personal ambition." We must confess that Napoleon's proposal is here described with sufficient "fairness and candour," and perhaps General Halleck has considered it in connexion with an opinion elsewhere attributed to Napoleon, that if the United States had had "a strong Government" they would long before 1821 have become supreme throughout North America. To the fundamental basis of a council which should give advice which need not be taken were to be added, among other things, "a well-matured system of election," "equality of all citizens," and "a good penal code for the press, and a tribunal of censure composed of just and worthy men, not subject to removal from office." Such a system would have been calculated to promote the security and grandeur of the nation, and the public tranquillity, and to put the public administration beyond the reach of demagogues and declaimers,

who think to guide the state by unmeaning phrases. This is a tolerably just description of Imperialism as it now exists in France. It may be inferred from General Halleck's note that he thinks this sort of thing very well for France, or for Europe generally, but unsuitable for America. We must protest, however, that the principle of liberty belongs equally to both hemispheres. A public administration beyond the reach of demagogues and declaimers means, we suppose, despotism. No doubt Napoleon contemplated that his despotism should be wise and just, as despots always do. The penal code for the press was to be good. The censors were to be just and worthy. The elections were to be well-matured, or as we should say, concocted. The consulting assemblies were not to be allowed to arrest the car of State, or, in other words, grievances were not to have precedence of supply; but then there would never be any real grievances, and supplies would always be expended judiciously and economically. However France wished for greatness, and her Government could not be successful unless it were strong. Accordingly the Empire was established. Then came the organization of the Grand Army. The military characters of its chiefs are sketched, and the inference is drawn that, with the exception of Massena, Soult, and perhaps Davoust, there was no one capable of commanding a separate army. "I thought however, that these three were more than necessary at that period, when I myself could direct the grand operations, and had more need of valiant lieutenants than of able colleagues." For some time after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens England alone confronted France, and the strength which France derived from the Imperial system was to have been employed in subjugating England. But Villeneuve and the other French Admirals did not succeed in contriving the opportunity for which the Grand Army waited in its seaside camps. Diversions were attempted hither and thither, but the British Channel fleet never quitted its station off Brest except to put into Plymouth. Meanwhile Pitt had organised a new coalition, and the Grand Army exchanged its weary encampment opposite England for the exciting marches and splendid triumphs which carried it to the capital of Austria. Napoleon is made to say of Austerlitz:—

Of all the pitched battles which I have gained I pride myself most on this, both on account of the enemy over which I triumphed, and on

account of the perfect success of all my combinations. This success was as perfect as if I had commanded the two armies, and the manœuvres had been previously agreed upon.

During the march on Vienna, which preceded Austerlitz, came news of the battle of Trafalgar, and all Napoleon's astonishing success against Austria and Russia was necessary to console him for this disaster:—

This battle, which perhaps decided the empire of the world, if that empire depended on England or France, cost the victors only 1,600 men killed and wounded; a remarkable example of the difference of war on sea and land.

After this defeat the French fleets were no longer able to show themselves at sea, but Napoleon was incessantly revolving plans for creating new navies at Antwerp, Copenhagen, in Italy and even in Greece. Whatever naval genius had existed either in the North or South of Europe was to be revived, and directed against England. "The remainder of my reign was spent in making preparations for a new contest with the English leopard." Jomini wrote calmly, and for the most part fairly, and his testimony is conclusive that from this time England had no choice but war or submission to Napoleon's will.

From the Athenæum.

Life and Letters of John Winthrop, from his Embarkation for New England in 1630, with the Charter and Company of the Massachusetts Bay, to his Death in 1649. By Robert C. Winthrop. (Boston, U. S., Ticknor & Fields; London, Trübner & Co.)

RICH though she is in memories that illustrate the social life and highest thought of our people in old times, East Anglia has no finer nor more pathetic story than that which recounts John Winthrop's voluntary departure from scenes endeared to him by the sweetest associations, and from a land in which he possessed affluence, station, the respect of men, everything that was necessary for his happiness—with the single exception of liberty to worship God and instruct others in godliness after the dictates of his conscience; and we have much pleasure in recording that this rare story has met with a worthy narrator.

It was in the spring of 1629–30 that John Winthrop went on board the *Arbella*, and, accompanied by three other vessels, the *Talbot*, the *Ambrose*, and the *Jewel*, sailed for Massachusetts, where some three hundred persons were bravely endeavouring to effect a permanent settlement, in the face of adverse seasons and disease. Other ships laden with emigrants followed in the wake of the *Arbella*, so that the entire number of Winthrop's associates—including the seven or eight hundred members of his immediate expedition, the two or three hundred persons who arrived in America almost simultaneously with the Suffolk squire, though they did not make the passage in the Massachusetts Company's ships, and the second thousand of devout adventurers who followed at a brief interval—may be computed at some two thousand souls. Considering the comparative fewness of the population of the mother-country in the seventeenth century, this was a grand secession; and when it is also borne in mind that the host was principally drawn from one district, there is no occasion for wonder that the exodus was not soon forgotten by the people of the eastern counties. For the most part the emigrants were yeomen, mechanics, and farm-labourers, with their women and children; but together with these people of inferior quality, there went some few persons of ancient lineage and blue blood. Himself a man of gentle descent, John Winthrop was by no means the best-born of the emigrants. As fellow passengers in the *Arbella* he had Isaac Johnson, the largest subscriber to the Massachusetts Company, his wife, Lady *Arbella* Johnson, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, Sir Richard Saltonshall with three sons and two daughters, William Coddington (afterwards Governor of Rhode Island), Thomas Dudley and his family, and George Phillips the minister.

Scarcely had the *Talbot* reached the Bay when one of its passengers, Henry Winthrop, the Governor's second son, was accidentally drowned; and before the newly-landed adventurers could set to work, fever, contracted on board ship from bad provisions and unwholesome arrangements, made sad havoc with the women and less stalwart men. "Thou shalt understand by this," Winthrop wrote to his wife, who still remained in England with most of her husband's children, "how it is since I wrote last (for this [is] the third or fourth letter I have written to thee since I came hither), that thou mayest see the goodness of the Lord towards me, that, when so many have died,

and many yet languish, myself and my children are yet living and in health. Yet I have lost twelve of my family, viz. Waters and his wife, and two of his children; Mr. Gager and his man; Smith of Buxall and his wife and two children; the wife of Taylor of Haverill, and their child; my son H. makes twelve. And, besides many other of less note, as Jeff Ruggle of Sudbury, and divers others of that town (about twenty), the Lord hath stripped us of some principal persons, Mr. Johnson and his lady, Mr. Rositer, Mrs. Phillips, and others unknown to thee." Thus perished from the earth the fair Lady Arbella, of whom Cotton Mather quaintly observes, "she took New England in her way to Heaven," and her husband, whose executor was no less a person than John Hampden, and of whom the author of the 'Magnalia Christi Americana,' alluding to Lady Arbella's death, observes in Sir Henry Wotton's verse, —

He try'd

To live without her, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

Whilst John Winthrop with much prayer and incessant toil, continued to struggle with plague, famine, and the continuous discontents of his people, his wife had a troublous time in the old country, — giving birth to a child, closing the eyes of Forth-Winthrop, the Governor's third son, who died just as he had completed his education at Cambridge and was about to enter the ministry of Christ, and making preparations for her own voyage to New England, on which passage, in the autumn of 1631, she lost her babe, and encountered every discomfort and peril that her husband had endured in the Arbella. The most interesting portions of the present volume are the letters that passed between the husband and wife, and between her and her husband's children, during this period of separation; and as genuine illustrations of the simplicity, devoutness, and exquisite gentleness of the Puritan character, they are no less valuable than interesting. If England still contains a man who cherishes any lingering respect for the authorities from which several generations of our ancestors derived the erroneous impression that grotesque austerity and repulsive harshness of tone and style were the most distinctive characteristics of Puritanism, we advise him to amend his views by the perusal of these beautiful letters. The later portions of the volume enable us to appreciate the modesty and patience as well as the courage and zeal with which Winthrop laboured for the infant society; and the picture is none the less plea-

sant because the grander and brighter qualities of his nature are relieved by traits that in a man of the present century would indicate intellectual narrowness and want of liberality.

After an interval of contention and comparative mismanagement, during which time the colony had three governors in as many years, John Winthrop was reinstated in the governor's chair, to the intense satisfaction of a large majority of the people. The agitation which resulted in this reinstatement is remarkable, as it gave occasion for what is believed to be the first genuine *stump* speech ever made in New England. "Mr. Wilson," it is recorded, in Hutchinson's, History of Massachusetts, "the minister in his zeal, gat up on the bough of a tree (it was hot weather, and the election, like that of Parliament men for the counties in England, was carried on in the field.) and there made a speech, advising the people to look to their charter, and to consider the present work of the day, which was designed for the choosing of the governor, deputy-governor, and the rest of the assistants for the government of the commonwealth. His speech was well received by the people, who presently called out 'election, election,' which turned the scale." Hence it appears that the stump-oratory of America was at an early date encouraged by the clergy, if it did not actually originate amongst "the cloth."

One of his first acts for the reformation of social manners is thus recorded in Winthrop's Journal, at a date (October 25, 1630) when he had spent just four months in his adopted country: — "The Governour, upon consideration of the inconveniences which had grown in England by drinking one to another, restrained it at his own table, and wished others to do the like, so as it grew, by little and little, to disuse." Nine years later, however, the General Court found it advisable to pass a special act prohibiting the dangerous usage. With respect to Winthrop's personal suppression of toast-drinking in his own house, the author, with less than his usual accuracy, observes — "Winthrop in this reform was nearly half-a-century before Sir Matthew Hale, who left a solemn injunction to his grandchildren against the drinking and pledging of healths." The biographer forgets that Hale had practised from an early period of life the self-denying ordinance which he enjoined in old age upon his descendants. Winthrop and the Chief Justice began to abstain from the objectionable usage at much about the same time; and in so doing it is

most likely that they merely adopted a prudential rule which many other persons recommended and acted upon.

The narrowness of Puritanism is comically illustrated by the following stories about mice, taken from John Winthrop's *Journal*:—

"December 15. About this time there fell out a thing worthy of observation. Mr. Winthrop the younger, one of the magistrates, having many books in a chamber where there was corn of divers sorts, had among them one wherein the Greek Testament, the psalms and the common prayer were bound together. He found the common prayer eaten with mice, every leaf of it, and not any of the two other touched, nor any other of his books, though there were above a thousand. * * A godly woman of the church of Boston, dwelling sometimes in London, brought with her a parcel of very fine linen of great value, which she set her heart too much upon, and had been at charge to have it all newly washed, and curiously folded and pressed, and so left it in press in her parlour over-night. She had a negro maid went into the room very late, and let fall some snuff of the candle upon the linen, so as by morning all the linen was burned to tinder, and the boards underneath, and some stools and a part of the wainscot burned, and never perceived by any in the house, though some lodged in the chamber overhead, and no ceiling between. But it pleased God that the loss of this linen did her much good, both in taking off her heart from worldly comforts, and in preparing her for a far greater affliction by the untimely death of her husband, who was slain not long after at Isle of Providence."

One of the brightest and most delightful of the many characteristic anecdotes here told about the Founder of Boston is taken from Cotton Mather's '*Magnalia*,' where it is recorded of Winthrop.

"'Twas his custom also to send some of his family upon errands, unto the houses of the poor about their meal time, on purpose to spy whether they wanted; & if it were found that they wanted, he would make that the opportunity of sending supplies unto them. And there was one passage of his charity that was perhaps a little unusual: in an hard & long winter, when wood was very scarce at Boston, a man gave him a private information, that a needy person in the neighbourhood stole wood sometimes from his pile; whereupon the governor in a seeming anger did reply, 'Does he so? I'll take a course with him; go, call that man to me, I'll warrant you I'll cure him of stealing.' When the man came, the governor, considering that if he had stolen it was more out of necessity than disposition, said unto him, 'Friend, it is a severe winter, & I doubt you are but meanly provided for wood; wherefore I

would have you supply yourself at my wood pile till this cold season be over.' And he then merrily asked his friends, 'Whether he had not effectually cured this man of stealing his wood?'"

Such a man may found states and save communites, but to amass a large private fortune is beyond his power. One is not surprised to learn that, after a long tenure of the highest offices of his colony, John Winthrop left "but a single hundred pounds out of his whole estate to be the subject of of an inventory at his death."

THE SULTAN IN EUROPE.

(*Ἡ Ἐλπίς*—Athens, June 12.)

How absurd Europeans are! They quite forget that many of those who are now at the head of affairs in Turkey have not only visited Paris, Vienna, London, and Berlin, but remained there for years as ambassadors or as agents. . . .

The Sultan on visiting Paris, and noticing what there is to be seen there, will think his own empire better than France, and himself greater than the Emperor. The palace of the Tuileries, both as regards its exterior splendour and interior decorations cannot be compared to the palaces of Constantinople. The garden of the Tuileries is microscopic compared to the gardens of the Sultan; and then with respect to natural beauty, what is Paris after the magical site of the Bosphorous! The Sultan will see the Emperor in the Tuileries surrounded by marshals, generals, aides-de-camps, attendants, &c., showing him every mark of respect, but not saluting him as a god as people do in the palaces of Constantinople. The Sultan will see women in the official entertainments and in the streets, and comparing these with the beauties of his harem will smile contemptuously. On going to the Exhibition he will be perplexed at the madness of the Franks in making so much noise about selling goods! When he enters the theatres of Paris, and compares them with the theatre in his own palace, on which he has spent so many thousands, and which is really a perfect jewel, what will be his idea of the grandeur of France? If he is taken to museums, picture galleries, &c., and he is told that some pictures cost two or three thousand francs, he will think that the Franks are fit only for a madhouse.

An Ottoman, one of the greatest men in Constantinople, having ascended the Acropolis, and being shown the columns of the Parthenon, exclaimed:—"Are those what you admire so much?" pointing to the columns. "Come to Constantinople and see our mosques with their columns, not old and broken like these, but new and covered with gold." This is what the Sultan will say on seeing the Museum of the Louvre and the Museum in London. If by chance he is persuaded to visit the courts of law, and sees the judge and counsellors with their gowns and wigs, he will certainly say to those who are with him that the Franks have brought him to see their kangaroos.

The things which will really make an impression on the Sultan are the following:—

1. A great military review, if one be given.

2. The Chassepot rifles, if he is shown the make and working of them.

3. The ballet, the sight of which will certainly please him. . . .

With these exceptions, we may be sure that the Sultan, after his return to Constantinople, will despise the Europeans and their civilization even more than before his visit to Paris and London.

From the Spectator.

BISHOP PERCY'S FOLIO MANUSCRIPT.*

THE new edition of the older part of Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* will take all but a few students by surprise. It would ill become us to be ungrateful to a scholar of the eighteenth century, who did priceless work in collecting the fragments of early ballad literature, and preparing them for the public in such fashion as the public could understand. But like the worthy churchwardens of the last century, who covered up under layers of whitewash paintings and tracings that would otherwise have perished, Bishop Percy did almost as much to conceal as to preserve. Having become the possessor of "an ancient folio manuscript," containing "compositions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer to the conclusion of the reign of Charles I.," he "was long in doubt whether, in the present state of im-

proved literature, they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public." There is something very wonderful in the mental attitude of a man who was able to admire our early poetry, but thought it far inferior to the polished productions of Shensstone and Akenside. Unhappily, Bishop Percy acted upon this opinion. He omitted all that was rough and fragmentary, and much apparently that had no fault except length, from his compilation. If the beauty of an unfinished piece attracted him, he expanded it, as in the case of "The Child of Elle," into a finished poem. If part of an early ballad seemed inappropriate, he rewrote it after the improved fashion of his times, killing Sir Cawline, for instance, instead of giving him a wife and fifteen sons. With the text itself he dealt as Tyrwhitt did with Chaucer's, constructing a Wardour-Street English that had no counterpart in any single century of our history, and bore no truer resemblance to our primitive language than the "Jeames' Letters" bear to nineteenth-century conversation. With all these drawbacks, the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* achieved a success that surprised the editor himself. Johnson sneered at them, but the book gradually became a classic, and as the second editor boasted, was "admitted into the most elegant libraries."

Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Hales have at last removed the reproach which for many years has rested upon us, that we are the only great nation without a critical text of its early ballads. Mr. Furnivall has purchased the right of transcribing the original folio manuscript, which was in possession of the Bishop's descendants, and we now for the first time know what Percy's politer taste thought unworthy of publication. A few instances of his alterations and suppressions will probably leave no doubt that a new edition was required. In "The Child of Elle" the old poem says,

"He leand o'er his saddle-bow,
To kiss this lady good;
The tears that went them two between
Were blent water and blood."

Bishop Percy renders it:—

"And thrice he clasped her to his breste,
And kissed her tenderlie;
The teares that fell from her fair eyes
Ranne like the fountaine free."

In the ballad of Glasgerion, the lady deceived by her lover's page kills herself, and says:—

* *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*. Edited by John W. Hales and F. J. Furnivall. London: Trübner and Co.

"There shall never no churle's blood
Spring within my bodye."

Bishop Percy, in sheer wantonness, expands this into:—

"There shall never no churle's blood
Within my bodye spring;
No churle's blood shall ever defile
The daughter of a King."

Here the last two lines are not only superfluous and weak, but contradict the whole drift of the story.

In "Old Robin of Portingale," the husband, aware that his wife intends to murder him, goes to bed armed, and awaits the coming of the assassins:—

"And he layd a bright browne sword by his
side,
And another at his feet,
And full well knew old Robin then
Whether he should wake or sleep."

But the Bishop, not liking to expose his hero to the doubtful chances of an ambuscade, changes the two last spirited lines into:—

"And twentye good knightes he placed at
hand,
To watch him in his sleepe."

After slaying the assassins and cutting off the breast and ears of his guilty wife, old Robin is horror-stricken at his own work:—

"Mickle is the man's blood I have spent
To do thee and me some good,
Says, 'Ever alack! my fayre lady,
I think that I was woode' [mad]."

The lines are not particularly good, and the second is decidedly obscure, but they serve to introduce Robin's resolve:—

"He shope the cross in his right shoulder,
Of the white flesh and the red,
And he sent him into the Holy land,
Whereas Christ was quick and dead."

Percy omits the first stanza altogether, and changes "flesh" in the second into "cloth." The omission was perfectly wanton, and the change unwarrantable. The whole reminds us of the commentary on *Virgil* by Martinus Scriblerus, who transforms the three stags (*cervos*) which Æneas killed and eat near Carthage into three crows (*corvos*), because stags are not found in Africa.

Probably enough has been said to show

that Percy tampered with the text in a way that destroys all reliance on him as an editor. His omissions are even more wonderful than his changes. The story of Eger and Grine, now printed for the first time, is among the most charming romances of the Middle Ages, and told by one who was no despicable poet. Eger and Grine are sworn brethren in arms. One day Eger returns wounded and beaten from an encounter with a savage knight, who cuts a finger off all whom he overthrows; Winglayne, the lady whom he loves, turns away from him with contempt, dryly remarking,—

"He gave a finger to let him gange,
The next time he will offer up his whole
hand."

Grine determines to achieve the adventure. Armed with a sword of proof, which the two comrades have obtained by the deposit of all their title-deeds, he ventures into Sir Gray-Steel's domains, and rides about in quest of the false knight. A furious combat ensues, the very steeds fighting together by the side of their masters, and Grine slays the oppressor. He transfers the honour to Eger, and Winglayne's old love returns; but the knight is at first resentful:—

"He turned his back and rode her froe,
And said parting is a privy pain;
But old friends cannot be called again.
For the great kindness I have found at thee
Forgotten shalt thou never be."

Naturally the quarrel is soon made up, and they are married, while the faithful Grine is rewarded with the hand of the Lady Losepain, the widow of one of Gray-Steel's victims, and who had tended him and Eger after their encounters. Their first meeting is prettily told:—

"Gryme looke upon that ladye faire,
Soe fair a creature saw I never ere;
For shee was clad in scarlet red,
And all of fresh gold shone her head.
Her rud was red as rose in rain;
A fairer creature was never seen.
As many men in a matter full nice,
But all men in loving shall never be wise,
His mind on her was so set
That all other matters he quite forget."

"Wise" here is of course the French "sage," temperate, rather than with any notion of good judgment implied.

The present edition of Bishop Percy's folio manuscript is something more than a

mere text. Mr. Hales has given some excellent introductory notices explaining the subject of the poems, tracing them in many cases to their original sources, and showing how far the popular legend has amplified or distorted real facts. Mr. Furnivall appends some short philological notes in explanation of the different words that occur here and there. Altogether, the golden mean seems to have been very happily attained, and the notes and illustrations are neither too scanty nor too copious. We regret to see that the subscriptions to the book are not yet sufficient to indemnify Mr. Furnivall for his enterprise. Bishop Percy's representatives have driven a hard bargain with him in demanding 150*l.* for the permission to copy an old manuscript, which they could only have published themselves at heavy cost. They have, however, the undeniable right of every owner of property to set his own price on it, and it may appear far-fetched to say that property has its duties as well as its rights, and that men owe it to an honourable name to treat the literary reputation of an ancestor as something more than a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. All the more, however, is the public bound to support an enterprise like the present, that has been undertaken at some money risk from the pure love of learning, and is being carried out with eminent skill and success. This new edition of a classical English book is published at a moderate cost, while the paper and type are worthy of a drawing-room table. The text, though accurate, is so easy that a schoolboy may understand it. It will be at once unfortunate and undeserved, if Mr. Furnivall is eventually a loser by his public spirit.

From the Examiner.

Modern Culture: its True Aims and Requirements. A Series of Addresses and Arguments on the Claims of Scientific Education. By Professors Tyndall, Daubeney, Henfrey, Huxley, Paget, Whewell, Faraday, Draper, Masson, de Morgan, Owen; Drs. Hodgson, Carpenter, Hooker, Acland, Forbes, Grove, Herbert, Spencer, Sir John Herschel, Sir Charles Lyell, Dr. Sequin, etc. Edited by Edward L. Youmans, M.D. Macmillan.

HALF the contents of this volume, being six Lectures delivered before the Royal In-

stitution by Professor Tyndall and Doctors Daubeney, Paget, Faraday, Whewell, and Hodgson, were published several years ago. The edition having been long since exhausted, Dr. Youmans has done good work in reissuing its parts, with the addition of other lectures by himself and by Professors Henfrey, Huxley, and Masson; of a long extract from Mr. Herbert Spencer's 'Essays'; and of an appendix containing shorter extracts from more than a dozen other writers of repute. It is the design of the publication to show, from the testimony and on the arguments of some of the men most competent to speak with authority, "the importance of giving a larger space to scientific studies in our educational courses." To this end are brought together, among others, lucid and eloquent discourses by Professor Tyndall, on 'The Study of Physics'; by Dr. Daubeney, on 'The Study of Chemistry'; by Professor Henfrey, on 'The Study of Botany'; by Professor Huxley, on 'The Study of Zoology'; by Dr. Paget, on 'The Study of Physiology'; by Dr. Faraday, on 'The Education of the Judgment'; and by Dr. Hodgson, on 'The Study of Economic Science.'

Each and all of these are so full of interest, and, in their separate ways, so instructive, that we are in no mood to quarrel with Dr. Youmans for shaping the volume as we have it, but we believe that he would have produced a more novel and a more useful book had he constructed it all out of his own lecture, modestly placed last in the series, on 'The Scientific Study of Human Nature.' There is little lack nowadays, among intelligent people, of belief in the importance of physical, and even metaphysical studies, as parts of home and school and college education. But there does seem, even among these same intelligent people, to be very much misapprehension of what Dr. Youmans calls "the science of human nature," and very culpable neglect in the application of its principles to the training of youth and the employment of grown persons. By all means let us add instruction in the various parts of physical knowledge to the old-fashioned routine of teaching in languages and mathematics; but, while we do that, let us see how the conclusions of modern science can help us to arrive at better ways of mental education and bodily development. We cannot be too jealous in filling the vessel of the mind with the best stuff at our command; but it is yet more important that we should be zealous in making that vessel as large and strong, and in every way as capable as we can.

Dr. Youmans's lecture deserves careful attention for the way in which it urges the importance of a really scientific system of education. "The imminent question," he says, "is, How may the child and youth be developed healthfully and vigorously, bodily, mentally, and morally; and science alone can answer it by a statement of the laws upon which that development depends."

We talk glibly about mental culture, and import into our discourse about the education of children, a number of phrases borrowed from the gardener's vocabulary; but really our rules and methods for the cultivation of men and women are far less complete and accurate than our rules and methods for the training of trees and vegetables. The gardener accustoms himself to separate different sorts of seeds and to put each in suitable soils; for some he provides plenty of moisture, for others he tries to ensure plenty of sunlight; some he trims and prunes, others he grafts upon other plants. In this way he develops a thousand different varieties of beautiful flowers out of the simple weeds in the fields and hedges, grows all sorts of luscious fruits, and multiplies over and over again the richness and value of the vegetable world. Each shrub and tree is trained to exhibit, in as perfect a state as possible, its special virtues, and those virtues are adapted in a wonderful way to the uses and pleasures of man. But the parent and the school-master rarely use any such discernment. They look upon all children as alike, save where they bridge up the natural differences of sex with artificial barriers; they subject them to the same discipline, and expect them to grow up very much alike. In recent years we have gained a little wisdom as regards physical education. We do now and then put our children to such bodily exercise as will bring out their special elements of strength, or tend to remove any physical defects that they may have; and we are even learning to regulate their food and other necessities of healthy growth according to our experience of the sort of food, rest, and the like, most healthful to them. But as for any reasonable principles of mental culture we are nearly as ignorant as we ever were. Each parent and guardian has his own plan of education,—that is, his own ideal man or woman whom he wishes his child as nearly as possible to approach, and he tries to bring up his children with that sole end. It is as if a gardener took all the seeds he could lay hands on, and attempted to train them all into roses, or into apples, into cabbages, or into

oak-trees; or as if, without understanding that different trees and shrubs need different soil, climate, and the like, he forced upon them all exactly the same sort of treatment. Surely the consequence of this is a world nearly full of stunted minds.

Here and there strong intellects find congenial training, and grow up to reflect honour upon the methods of their education; much oftener the strong intellects break loose from the bondage of their teachers and grow up in spite of them. But what of the weak intellects—the minds that cannot grow as we want them to grow, and therefore either cease growing altogether or grow in crooked and unhealthy ways? "That there is a large amount of mental perversion and absolute stupidity," says Dr. Youmans, "as well as of bodily disease, produced in school, by measures which operate to the prejudice of the growing brain, is not to be doubted; that dulness, indocility, and viciousness, are frequently aggravated by teachers incapable of discriminating between their mental and bodily causes, is also undeniable." And these are only the flagrant instances of mischief arising from our bad ways of teaching, the instances which, like deaths from typhus, cholera, or diphtheria, give evidence of a general pollution of atmosphere and derangement of the conditions of healthy life from which everybody suffers more or less. The men yet live who led the way to a consideration of sanitary questions, and who began the advocacy of sanitary reforms; the men have hardly yet appeared who will reduce to a system the laws of mental health, and show what are the real objects and methods of a sound education. "When we say that education is an affair of the laws of our being, involving a wide range of considerations," says Dr. Youmans; "an affair of the air respired, its moisture, temperature, density, purity, and electrical state; an affair of food, digestion, and nutrition; of the quantity, quality, and speed of the blood sent to the brain; of clothing and exercise, fatigue and repose, health and disease; of variable volition and automatic nerve action; of fluctuating feeling, redundancy and exhaustion of nerve-power; an affair of light, colour, sound, resistance; of sensuous impressibility, temperament, family history, constitutional predisposition, and unconscious influence; of material surroundings and a host of agencies which stamp themselves upon the plastic organism and reappear in character,—when we hint at these things, we seem to be talking in an unknown tongue, or, if in-

telligible, then very irrelevant and unpracticable."

Dr. Youmans's lecture should help to show that these questions are altogether practical and relevant. Professing especially to illustrate "the dependence of mental action upon the bodily system," it leads up to the doctrine that all mental action is part and parcel of bodily activity, that psychology, in fact, is only the highest branch of physiology. All sorts of minor actions, as walking, eating, laughing, and the like, are merely automatic, the results of training brought to such perfection that the processes by which they are effected are quite forgotten. Dr. Youmans shows that much higher actions may also become automatic, that the chief end of education, indeed, is the accustoming of the mind to run in certain channels or to proceed by certain rules:

In the formation of habits and in the process of education, voluntary actions are constantly becoming reflex, or, as it is termed, "secondarily automatic." Thus learning to walk at first demands voluntary effort, but at length the act of walking becomes automatic and unconscious. So with all adaptive movements, as the manipulatory exercises of the arts; they at first require an effort of will, and then gradually become "mechanical," or are performed with but slight voluntary exertion. And so it is, also, in the purely intellectual operations, where the cerebral excitement, instead of taking effect upon the motor system, expends itself in the production of new intellectual effects, one state of consciousness passing into another, according to the established laws of thought. Here, also, the agency of the will is but partial, and the mental actions are largely spontaneous. In the case of memory, we all know how little volition can directly effect. We cannot call up an idea by simply *willing* it. When we try to remember something, which is, of course out of consciousness, the office of volition is simply to fix the attention upon various ideas which will be most likely to recall, by the law of association, the thing desired. We have all experienced this impotence of the will to recover a forgotten name, or incident which may subsequently flash into consciousness after the attention has long been withdrawn from the search. The same thing is observed in the exercise of the imagination. It is said of eminent poets, painters, and musicians, that they are born, and not made; that is, their genius is an endowment of nature, — a gifted organism which spontaneously utters itself in high achievements, and they often present cases of remarkable automatism. When Mozart was asked how he set to work to compose a symphony he replied, "If you once *think* how you are to do it, you will never write any thing worth hearing; I write because I cannot help

it." Jean Paul remarks of the poet's work: "The character must appear living before you, and you must hear it, not merely see it; it must, as takes place in dreams, dictate to you, not you to it. A poet who must *reflect* whether, in a given case, he will make his character say Yes, or No, to the devil with him!" An author may be as much astonished at the brilliancy of his unwilling inspirations as his most partial reader. "That's splendid!" exclaimed Thackeray, as he struck the table in admiring surprise at the utterance of one of his characters in the story he was writing. Again, the mental actions which constitute reasoning have an undoubted spontaneous element, the office of volition being, as in the former cases, to rivet the attention to the subject of inquiry, while the gradual blending of the like in different ideas into general conceptions is the work of the involuntary faculties. You cannot will a logical conclusion, but only maintain steadily before the mind the problem to be solved. Sir Isaac Newton thus discloses the secret of his immortal discoveries: "I keep the subject constantly before me, and wait till the first dawns open, by little and little, into a full light."

But corporeal agency in processes of thought has an aspect still more marked; the higher intellectual operation may take place, not only independent of the will, but also independent of consciousness itself. Consciousness and mind are far from being one and the same thing. The former applies only to that which is at any time present in thought; the latter comprehends all physical activity. Not a thousandth part of our knowledge is at any time in consciousness, but it is all and always in the mind. An idea of feeling passes out of consciousness, but not into annihilation; in what state, then, is it? We cannot be satisfied with the indefinite statement, that it is stored away in the receptacle or chamber of memory. Science affirms an organ of mind, and demands an explanation, in terms of its action. As the thought passes from consciousness, something remains in the cerebral substratum, call it what you will, — trace, impression, residue. What the precise character of these *residua* may be is perhaps questionable, but it is impossible to deny their existence in some form consistent with the nature of the cerebral structure and activity. All thoughts, feelings and impressions, when disappearing from consciousness, leave behind them in a nerve substance their effects or *residua*, and in this state they constitute what may be termed latent or statical mind. They are brought into consciousness by the laws of association, and there is much probability that, in this unconscious state, they are still capable of acting and reacting, and of working out true intellectual results.

We must find room for one other, the concluding paragraph of Dr. Youmans's lecture:

I have thus attempted to prove that only by inverting the rule of the past, which exalted the mind at the expense of the body, and bringing the resources of modern induction to the study of the corporeal organism, can we arrive at that higher and clearer knowledge of man, which will make possible any thing like a true Science of Human Nature. I have pointed out the salutary results which have already flowed from this method in the crucial test of the treatment of the insane; and the vast benefits which society cannot fail to reap from that clearer perception of the laws of vital and mental limitations which recent research has so decisively established; and I have also endeavoured to unfold the bearing of this view upon the subject of education. But the results enumerated are far from exhausting the broad applicability of the method. The grand characteristic of science is its universality; what is it, indeed, but the latest report of the human mind on the order of nature? Its principles are far-reaching and all-inclusive, so that when a knowledge of the true constitution of man is once attained, it confers insight into all the multitudinous phases of human manifestation. The same economy of power which science confers in the material world, and by which we obtain a maximum of effect from a minimum of

force, she confers also in the world of mind. When we have mastered the laws of physical education we have the essential data for dealing with questions of mental education, and these steps are the indispensable preparation for an enlightened moral education. And the same knowledge of the organism which shows how it may best be developed, gives also the clue to the understanding of its aberrant phenomena. That mysterious ground which has hitherto been the hot-bed of noxious superstitions and dangerous quackeries, is reclaimed to rational investigation, and the remarkable effects of reverie, ecstasy, hysteria, hallucinations, spectral illusions, dreaming, somnambulism, mesmerism, religious epidemics, and other kindred displays of nervous morbidity, find adequate explanation in the ascertained laws of our being. This kind of knowledge is, furthermore, not only of the highest value to all classes for practical guidance, but the philosophical students of man, whether viewing him in the moral, religious, social, æsthetic, ethnological, or historic aspects, must find their equal and indispensable preparation in the mastery of the biological and psychological laws which can alone explain the nature of the subject of their research.

EGYPT'S PLACE IN UNIVERSAL HISTORY. — By C. C. J., Baron Bunsen. Translated from the German by Charles H. Cottrell, Esq., M.A. With additions by Samuel Birch, LL.D. In five vols. Vol. V. (Longmans.) — We can do no more than copy out this title-page, and announce the completion of the English transla-

tion of Baron Bunsen's great work. Among the contents of this volume appear a hieroglyphic dictionary and grammar, printed with type that has been cast for the purpose, and in a form which renders the study of the hieroglyphs generally accessible. — *Spectator*.